The Centre Reporter.

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NO FREE SUGAR

THE PRESIDENT OPPOSED TO PLACING IT FREE.

A Republican Senator Makes a Sensation. Flop to Populism.—Hoke Smith's Axe at Work.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 10.—Secretary Carlisle has left no doubt as to where he and President Cleveland stand on the sugar question. He told Representative Meyer, of La., that the administration would oppose any attempt to put sugar on the free list, but would aid in the passage of the substitute proposed by the Senate Finance Committee, striking out the different duty of one-eighth of a cent a pound on refined sugar, leaving all sugars dutiable at a flat rate of 40 per cent. ad valorem. Secretary Carlisle still holds to his original opinion that he has no authority to pay out a dollar for bounty on sugar, but he told Mr. Meyer that he and President Cleveland were both in favor of legislation providing not only for the payment of the bounty upon all sugar made previous to the taking effect of the new tariff but for the payment upon this year's entire crop of the difference between the bounty and the duty on foreign sugar. Had this information been in the possession of the La. sugar planters it is probable that they might have adopted a different sort of resolution at their meeting last week. He also told Mr. Meyer that his letter to Senator Harris, showing the necessity for the revenue that the sugar duty will bring in was submitted to President Cleveland and was approved by him before it was sent. It was so stated in this correspondence at the time, although the know-it-alls asserted that the letter was sent without Mr. Cleveland's knowledge and against his wishes.

The true inwardness of the flop of Senator Jones, of Nevada, from the Republicans to the Populists is now known. It was merely a Republican trick. Jones is no more a Populist than he ever was and his pretended flop is but the first move in a game which was to have been secret and which has for its final object the nomination and the election to the Presidency of Senator Cameron of Pennsylvania. Jones is the father of the Cameron boom and when he found that the suggestion was very coldly received by the silver men of the Northwest, on account of Cameron's well-known connection with railroad and other corporations, notwithstanding the free coinage of silver, which was to be the corner stone of his canvass, he was disappointed. Then it was that Jones evolved the scheme of joining the Populists and turning their organization into a purely silver party, eliminating every thing else from their platform, and having them endorse the Cameron boom, which he calculated would induce the Republican convention to nominate Cameron on a free silver platform. The scheme would not have had one chance out of a possible one hundred even if it had been kept secret as intended, but now that it has been exposed it simply has no chance at all. Men of Don Cameron's calibre have been elected President, but no man of his associations ever has been or ever will be, although, of course, he may buy a nomination if he will pay the price.

This isn't a good administration for sinecures. Secretary Hoke Smith's axe has just fallen upon another. Like a great many other people Secretary Smith was puzzled when he first heard of the editor of the U. S. Geological Survey. A little investigation convinced him that the said editor was drawing $2000 a year without rendering an equivalent to Uncle Sam, and straightway an order was issued abolishing the office, which by the way, was created for the man now turned out, Mr. W. A. Croffut, a very pleasant newspaper man with a fad for mesmerism, which he calls hypnotism. Mr. Croffut's hypnotism worked all right on a Republican Secretary, but it was a dismal failure when applied to a hard shell Democrat like Hoke Smith.

Ex-Congressman Breckinridge, of Ark., now minister to Russia, is still in Washington, and still very much interested in politics. He said in the course of a general conversation on Southern politics: "My own state has just given an exceptionally heavy Democratic majority, which is a fair indication of what the south may be expected to do in November. I wish, however, that the majority had been a little lighter and the platform adopted at the State convention a little better. Too much was conceded the Populists on the financial question. Better to have had a sound monetary plank than to have gained a few thousands superfluous votes. With the revival of business prosperity that is now already begun there cannot be much fear of continued Democratic ascendancy. I feel certain that we shall control the next House." Of the threatened secession of the sugar planters from the Democratic party, Mr. Breckinridge said: "It is natural for the Louisiana sugar growers to stand by their chief product; they have always done so. But I do not see what they have to gain by bolting their party affiliations. It will do them more hurt than it will the Democracy. For every vote lost by such a desertion six would be gained. On longer reflection, it is doubtful if they will go over to the political party which they have battled against all their lives.

A New Era of Prosperity.

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew is one of the most prominent Republicans in the country. As the President of the New York Central Railroad Company he is in intimate touch with business affairs. What he says cannot be put down as political vaporing. In his late Homburg interview he declares that "the settlement of the tariff question is the beginning of a new era of prosperity;" that "confidence is restored, and that means everything to us." that "the industrial energy of the 70,000,000 people in the country, not yet fully developed, is resistless when credit and stability are assured; the consuming and purchasing powers of the homogeneous population make prosperity for every business regardless of foreign demands."

A Recent School Law.

At the last session of the Pennsylvania Legislature the following law was enacted. "That the boards of school directors and controllers shall provide suitable and convenient water closets for each of the schools under their official jurisdiction, not less than two for each school or school building, where both sexes are in attendance in their respective school districts, with separate means of access for each; and unless placed at a remote distance one from the other, the approaches or walks thereto shall be separated by a substantial close fence, not less than seven feet in height, and it shall be the duty of the directors or controllers to make provision for keeping the water closets in a clean, comfortable and healthy condition.

Swindlers at Work.

The Mount Union *Times* says: We were sorry to learn the other day that some of the old soldiers of Black Log valley had been duped recently by an imposter who represented himself as a U. S. pension examiner, sent out by the government. He managed "to fleece" quite a number of persons in the valley above referred to in the sum of $1.25. We understand that he worked his game to some extent in Juniata county, too. People should know with whom they are dealing, and to whom they are paying their money.

Brief Items.

Some farmers still plowing up dry ground in spite of the recent rains.

The Grangers are getting their ground in trim for next week's picnic.

Centre Hall girls are going like hot cakes—reason, they are a good lot.

We would be pleased to have all in arrears pay—don't wait to have a dun sent.

Bob. Foreman, foreman, has put down an improved crossing by the Presbyterian church.

While in Chicago, Mr. Chrles L. Kahler, a prominent shoe merchant of Des Moines, Iowa, had quite a serious time of it. He took such a severe cold that he could hardly talk or navigate, but the prompt use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy cured him of his cold so quickly that others at the hotel who had bad colds followed example and half a dozen persons ordered it from the nearest drug store. They were profuse in their thanks to Mr. Kahler for telling them how to cure a bad cold so quickly. For sale by Wm. Pealer, of Spring Mills and S. M. Swartz Tussyville.

One Girl Shoots Another.

A sad tragedy occurred at Johnstown Monday night. Miss Flora Marsh, the beautiful daughter of James A. Marsh, and her companion, Miss Sidney Callihan, were in the former's room at her father's residence, when Miss Callihan, in looking through the drawer in a dresser in the room, discovered a revolver.

She took it from its place and without warning the weapon exploded, the ball entering Miss Marsh's head near the temple. Death resulted in a few hours.

Church Council Meeting.

Mr. M. L. Rishel requests us to announce that the annual meeting of the joint council of Centre Hall Lutheran charge, will meet in the Lutheran church, Centre Hall, Saturday, Sept. 15th, at 10 a. m. A general attendance is requested.

SENATORIAL CONFERENCE.

Matt Savage Finally Named by the Democrats for State Senator.

The Democratic conferrees of Centre, Clinton and Clearfield counties, composing the Thirty-fourth Senatorial district, met at Tyrone on Friday for the purpose of nominating a candidate. Centre presented S. Calvin Meyer, of Bellefonte; Clinton, S. Woods Caldwell, of Lock Haven; and Clearfield, Matt Savage, editor of the Clearfield *Public Spirit*. The day was spent in trying to affect an organization. Centre and Clearfield contended for representation according to the number of voters at the last Presidential election, while Clinton stood out for the old system of equal representation regardless of voters.

The afternoon and evening were spent in fruitless efforts to agree upon a plan of representation. Clinton presented three delegates, and Clearfield and Centre twelve and nine conferrees, under the Orvis rule, respectively. Clinton was allowed six votes by the conference, but they objected, and finally Centre and Clearfield voted in favor of the Orvis system of one conferree for every 500 votes and the Clinton conferrees withdrew from the conference. Several ballots were taken without a choice until the fifth, when Matt Savage received the whole vote of both counties and was unanimously declared the nominee.

A committee was sent to the Clinton conferrees asking them to come into the convention, but they refused, and after nomination was made they were requested to make it unanimous, and again refused. A compromise will endeavor to be affected.

The State's Ready Cash.

At the close of business on August 31, State Treasurer Jackson had in the general fund $6,069,611,69. Of this sum the following amounts were in Philadelphia banks: Farmers' and Mechanics' National, $811,471.88; People's Bank, $1,178,104.81; Fourth Street National, $250,636.27; Chestnut Street National, $200,000; First National, $100,000; Corn Exchange National, $20,000; Sixth National, $20,000. Large sums were paid out to schools and the Judges during the month, but the cash continues to come in from the corporations.

New Branch.

The extension of the Bellefonte Central railroad from State College to Pine Grove Mills is being pushed right along. A gang of about fifty workmen and teams have been busy for the past few weeks on the roadbed, which is completed about half of the distance and track is laid on the same. At the present rate they should reach Pine Grove Mills by about the beginning of October. The opening of the road to that point will mean the development of large lumber operations in the mountains back of Pine Grove. It will be sure to be a valuable source of traffic.

It Won't Go.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Adamsburg, Snyder county, *Herald*, puts out what it alleges is a good one on Centre county, being a lumberman's notice laying down rules in a prop timber camp, in orthography that beats bad spelling all hollow. Now Bro. Aurand has barked up the wrong tree. We have looked up the matter, and find the badly spelled poster was put up in a Union county lumber camp, just across the Centre county line, and that the author is a Snyder county statesman. A county like Centre, in which everybody is fit for Governor, does not put out that kind of literature. Try again.

A Common Thing.

J. H. Scharer, of Jeannette, has been committed to the Westmoreland county jail on a charge of fraudulently assigning his property with intent to cheat and defraud his creditors. The case is said to be the result of a family quarrel over money matters. There are many of such assignments merely to dodge honest debts, and if carried into court, the documents would not hold water.

Susquehanna Nearly Dry.

The Susquehanna river is lower than it has been within the knowledge of anyone in the country. A rock appeared at Bainbridge a few days ago upon which are scratched the figures 1820. This rock has never been above water until now in these 74 years, to anyone's knowledge. There is but little water in the river.

TOM COLLINS should poll a big vote in Centre county. He has spent thousands of dollars in our county, which went to the laboring men every year for a dozen years. No workingman can consistently go back on big hearted Tom Collins. Vote for him for congressman-at-large.

CIVIL CASES

HEAVY AWARDS FOR DAMAGES MADE BY THE COURT.

Isaac W. Raven Receives a Verdict for $5000 Against the Millheim Turnpike Co.

Court called Wednesday afternoon with all the judges on the bench.

In the case of James E. Solt vs. Bellefonte borough the jury returned a verdict on Wednesday afternoon in favor of the plaintiff for $500.

Isaac W. Raven vs. Millheim Turnpike company the case was submitted to the jury on Thursday afternoon at six o'clock. Verdict on Friday morning in favor of the plaintiff for $5000, subject to point of law reserved by the court.

John P. Rockey vs. Central Railroad Co. of Pa.; plea trespass. Suit brought to recover from the defendant company for land taken to build their road through plaintiff's farm; verdict on Saturday morning in favor of the plaintiff for $1486.00.

Isaac Stover vs. Central R. R. Co. of Pa.; settled.

H. J. Garbrick vs. Central R. R. Co. of Pa.; settled.

M. C. Gephart vs. Union Central Life Insurance Co. of Cincinnati; continued.

Thomas L. Waple vs. borough of Philipsburg; continued.

Catharine Reagan vs. Beech Creek R. R. Co. and New York Central and Hudson River R. R. Co.; continued.

Kate A. Mulholland vs. Henry W. Hoover, agent; continued.

Samuel T. Gray vs. Bellefonte Central R. R. Co.; continued.

John I. Thompson vs. Graysdale Mining Co. Limited; continued.

Hugh Ward, Jr. vs. J. T. Lucas; continued.

Patrick Ward, Jr. vs. J. T. Lucas; continued.

J. A. Fohnar adm'r., of &c., of Patrick Ward Sr. deceased vs. J. T. Lucas; continued.

A. G. Curtin, Constance Curtin, E. C. Humes, M. H. Wilson and J. D. Shugart, doing business as bankers under the name of Centre County Banking Co. vs. J. P. Gephart, endorser; continued.

Hall, Swoyer, Glass & Co. vs. L. B. Frank, defendant, and James P. Frank and W. J. Carlin; garnishees; continued.

J. Blumenthal vs. L. B. Frank, defendant and James P. Frank and W. J. Carlin; garnishees; continued.

Farewell Sermons.

Rev. Rearick, of the Rebersburg Lutheran charge, on last Sabbath preached his farewell sermons in the three congregations of the charge, Rebersburg, Madisonburg and Wolf's Store; he will leave sometime in October for Centre Hall, having received a unanimous call from this charge. The Rebersburg charge expect a Lutheran minister from Lancaster, Pa., to preach trial sermons in that charge in about two weeks. The people of Rebersburg charge are sorry to part with Rev. Rearick, as he was greatly esteemed by all.

An Indian Killer.

William Haviland, of East Main street, Lock Haven, has in possession a family relic in the shape of a gun which has been handed down from father to son until it is now in the fifth generation. The barrel of the gun is 56½ inches long, and the whole length of stock and barrel 71 inches. There is no doubt but the gun did effective work in the warfare against the Indians at an early day, as the weapon has been in the family for over 200 years.

Another "Fake."

D. F. Manning, of Hammersley's Fork, writes that the story of the capture of the "wild man" and that his name was Bodine Brooks, is all a "fake," says the Williamsport *Sun*. He writes further, "I saw Bodine Brooks yesterday at his home. His brother has the care of him and he looks well kept. He has no more hair on him than the average man who wears whiskers and has a full head of hair." Mr. Manning thinks some newspaper scribbler must have been badly taken in on the "wild man" story.

A. M. Bailey, a well known citizen of Eugene, Oregon, says his wife has for years been troubled with chronic diarrhoea and used many remedies with little relief until she tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and diarrhoea Remedy, which has cured her sound and well. Give it a trial and you will be surprised at the prompt relief it affords. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Wm. Pealer, of Spring Mills and S. M. Swartz, Tusseyville.

Republicans on Monday carried Maine by 31,000 plurality. The Dutch have taken Holland.

VACANCIES FILLED.

Tom Collins, of Bellefonte, and Meyer, of Allegheny, for Congress.

The Democratic State convention assembled at Harrisburg on Tuesday to nominate two candidates for Congress-at-Large to fill the vacancies on the state ticket created by the death of ex-Senator Sloan, of Indiana, and the withdrawal of ex-Judge Bucher, of Union.

When the roll of delegates was called it showed many absentees. Then followed the nomination of candidates for Congress-at-Large. The name of Thomas Collins, of Bellefonte, was presented in a brief speech by W. P. Bradley, of Lycoming. Speeches advocating Mr. Collins' nomination were also made by Representative John Donahue, of Philadelphia; John M. Woodruff, Cambria; R. M. Linton, Somerset, and Matt Savage, Clearfield. It was said of Mr. Collins that he has always been an earnest, active Democrat; a friend of labor and that he would add strength to the ticket.

"He has employed more laboring men," said Mr. Bradley, the chief spokesman, "than any other contractor in this country and has never had a strike or trouble of any kind with his employees. His name is a synonym of integrity and honesty and if nominated he will roll up a big vote in Western Pennsylvania."

Mr. Collins' nomination was made by acclamation; Then ex-Representative Cowan started the speechmaking for Henry Meyer, of Allegheny, who was subsequently accorded a unanimous nomination.

Barn and Contents Destroyed by Fire

On last Sunday evening, at about 6.30 o'clock, the large bank barn on the farm of Mr. Joseph Sanders in Lewis township, was discovered on fire, first by the servant girl, the only person on the premises, the tenant, Mr. Henry M. Sanders and family being at church. In a short time however, he, with many others of the neighborhood were at the scene of destruction, but too late to save anything thereabouts save a reaper, wagon and sleigh. With the barn were burned four horses, all the crops of the past season, farming implements, etc., and all the outbuildings. The insurance on the contents of the barn was about $1,200; on the buildings $1000, which, it is thought, will nearly cover the loss. Was insured in the Buffalo Valley Farmers Mut. Fire Insurance Company.

The above fire is thought by some to have been of incendiary origin, as, it is said, the servant girl saw a man running away from the premises shortly after she discovered the fire, but who it was she could not tell.—Mifflinburg *Telegraph*.

The Season's Goods.

Our opening for this season's stock of Clothing, Hats, etc., has been the largest in our long experience.

Our prices are much lower than any previous year—our styles are the brightest, newest and neatest.

Our store room is brighter and better lighted than before the fire. Come in and see the new things in Ready Made Clothing, Hats and Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods and at the new prices.

MONTGOMERY & Co.,
Tailors and Clothiers,
Crider's Exchange, Bellefonte.

Another Damage Suit.

Philipsburg has another board walk damage suit on hands. It learned a lesson from Mrs. Lohr's case, and now is learning another lesson.

The suit of Thomas Waple versus the borough of Philipsburg for damages resulting from Waple falling through a defective side walk was continued until next term of court. It was to come up for trial on Thursday.

Go through our own town and see how many bad walks you meet, simply because some are favored in this, as a hidden bribe.

Wanted a Quiet Place.

A man went into a store in a neighboring town and asked if he could rest four or five hours. The proprietor, who had just found a new nest of mice in the coffee grinder, told him he could and then asked him why he din'nt go to the hotel. The man replied: "I am suffering from nervous prostration and the doctor said to get a quiet place to rest, and I see you don't advertise, I knew that I couldn't find a quieter place." And with that he settled back in his chair and watched the swallows build a nest in the cheese case.—Ex.

Big Population.

Next week, if Centre Hall's census were taken, it would show up five to six thousand population.

C. B. BUCKALEU was nominated for congress in the Columbia district.

FOSTER ON THE WEATHER.

Killing Frosts Will Occur in Many Northern Sections.

My last bulletin gave forecasts of the storm wave to cross the continent from the 8th to the 12th, and the next will reach the Pacific coast about the 13th, cross the western slope by the close of the 14th, the great central valleys from the 15th to the 17th and the eastern states on the 18th. This will be a dangerous storm. Not in all parts, but in places, probably the most severe west of the Mississippi about the 15th or 16th. The warm wave will cross the western mountains about the 13th, the great central valleys about the 15th and the eastern states about the 17th. The cool wave will cross the western mountains about the 16th, the great central valleys about the 18th and the eastern states about the 20th. Killing frosts will occur in many northern sections from September 27th to 30th. This frost may penetrate southward as far as Oklahoma, Little Rock, Memphis, Nashville and Raleigh. Along and north of the fortieth parallel all tender plants should be protected at that time. In the Ohio valley tobacco planters should be ready to cut their crop as this frost will probably injure it. While some cold weather may be expected in October and November, winter will come late and the fall season average warmer than usual. This, of course, does not apply to every section, but it is the estimate of the general average for the whole United States.

Big Damages.

The gentleman who over a year ago got a leg crushed on the pike from Coburn to Millheim, received a verdict in court last week for five thousand dollars against the pike company. A large stone in the road caused the accident.

Solt, the citizen of Bellefonte who was injured by a defective board walk, got a verdict of five hundred dollars damages.

The REPORTER has repeatedly cautioned our borough authorities against open neglect in this regard, without any attention being given. Hope the above instances will be effective, and serve to guard Centre Hall against a big bill of damages. This thing of caring more to serve private spite rather than looking to duty, may come home to roost like chickens.

A stone standing high enough to upset a buggy along the Coburn pike, results in $5000 damages. If the pike had an unguarded embankment steep enough to upset a vehicle, a bill of damages would result in case of accident. No road is lawful with any kind of danger places.

In this connection we once again call attention to the very dangerous gutter put near the centre of our street, opposite the Odenkirk property; an upset is liable to be caused by it at any moment, and one, two, three or four persons in a vehicle in danger of being killed or crippled.

Now, in all candor, we submit to our citizens whether they are willing to run a risk of damages that may run from $1000 to $20,000! Tax payers how would you meet such a bill? It might take one third of your property to meet it. Just look at the dangerous gutter and embankment put there within a year against all common reason. We ask, will not any vehicle striking that offset, be upset, and a big bill of damages that you would be called on to pay?

Irving W. Larimore, physical director of Y. M. C. A., Des Moines, Iowa says he can conscientionsly recommend Chambelain's Pain Balm to athletes, gymnasts, bicyclist, foot ball players and the profession in general for bruises, sprains and dislocations; also for soreness and stiffness of the muscles. When applied before the parts become swollen it will effect a cure in one half the time usually required. For sale by Wm. Pealer, of Spring Mills and S. M. Swartz, Tussyville.

Expensive Cherries.

A few days ago in Allentown some of the most expensive cherries on record were paid for by John Reinhold. He confessed the theft of two quarts of cherries, worth at that time five cents. Judge Albright imposed a fine of $25 and a year's imprisonment at hard labor. Reinhold has already been in jail three months while awaiting trial.

Another Bank Closed.

The National bank at Middletown, Pa., closed its doors on Thursday afternoon. A run had been started on the bank and in order to protect itself, the officials decided to close. The report is given out that the institution will pay dollar for dollar.

No Choice.

THE Republicans have not yet succeeded in nominating a candidate for judge. The pressure seems to favor J. G. Love.

PRINCE AND PAUPER.

The Prince passed by. A careless boy,
As he watched him ride away,
Thought, "Oh, for a taste of the boundless joy
Where the Prince must feast each day."
And a great hope burned in his youthful heart
To sometime play a Prince's part.

The Prince passed by; his heart was sad
With a thousand cares oppressed:
"To be once more like that happy lad
And freed from this deep unrest:
I'd give all the sorry hopes of men:
Alas! that youth comes not again."
—[Nixon Waterman in Chicago Journal.

A HAPPY MAN.

The doctor did not have an easy time of it in the East End parish, where he had bought a cheap practice and settled down with his youth, his aspirations, his skill, to fight the battle of life. His youth seemed to slip from him in his first year of work, his aspirations changed their nature, his skill developed. He acquired vast experience in those poor homes, where he fought valiantly against disease, the result of intemperance and vice and poverty and ignorance—diseases of which the victim was often an innocent sufferer. The sins of the fathers were visited upon infants—the sins of by-gone generations upon brave girls and well-meaning young fellows—sins of children on patient women and hard-working men. Dr. Murray was a thinker as well as a worker. He might have easily become morbid in that dreary place, where there was nothing beautiful to charm the mind, and little enough to charm the eye or the ear. But he did not become morbid. He had the remembrance of a happy country home where his boyhood had been passed, he had the thoughts of his dear old mother who lived there still, and the lessons she had taught the boy had not left him in his manhood; above all, he had thoughts of another woman—her letters, sometimes—the promise of herself before long. When he walked through the muddy street to his solitary home he did not let his mind dwell on the room he had just visited, where three children lay sick in one bed, shivering with cold, and with no one but a drunken mother to attend to them, and give them such food as was provided for the family by a lazy father, whose earnings, scanty enough, were chiefly spent at the "Royal George." He did not let himself meditate on the details of his cases when he had left them; that would have unfitted him for his work. No; he tried to imagine what home would be like when Norah was really there, when the opening door would disclose her to him and draw him into the warm room, where there would be firelight and lamplight and—herself. She brought warmth and light and sweetness to him, to his life, to Millwall. She brought that now. What would it be by-and-by—by-and-by—when—

He reached home. He let himself into the unlighted hall. The house felt cold. He set his lips together and thought, "By and by." He laid aside his umbrella, took off his coat, strode into the barely furnished, rather uncomfortable dining-room, and rang for dinner.

A middle-aged woman presented herself.

"Oh!" she said, "I'm sorry the fire's out, sir."

"Never mind," said Murray, "I shall have to go out again after dinner, I expect."

"Oh! that reminds me, sir. An old gentleman come to see you. He wanted you to call upon his wife. But he said you wasn't to trouble to-night if so be you was tired."

"Who was it, Mrs. Hawker?"

"He was unknown to me, sir; but he was a respectable looking gentleman, quite clean, and a nice face to him—a bit of gray whiskers, too."

"Did he leave his name?"

"Yes; I laid it on your consultin'-room table. He penciled it on the back of a envelope I had in my pocket. I'll bring it in with your chop."

The doctor looked at it. In ill-formed, but fairly legible letters, he saw the words:

Please call at your convenance.
JOHN TEMPLE,
14 Plevna Street,
(top).

It was not a cheerful night. But within—what was there within? And every day must bring its duties. Besides that, "at your convenance" was so delightfully agreeable after the usual messages that reached him. He went into the hall again, pulled on his coat, took his umbrella, put on his hat badly as doctors usually do, and banged the front door behind him.

By-and-by the doctor came to a narrow street which seemed to be less well lit, noisier, dirtier than those through which he had already passed. He had several patients in this road, but he did not know exactly where 14 was. He went right up to the nearest door and peered; that was 11. He crossed over, presuming the numbers were odds and evens. He found 14.

His knock brought a fat, untidy woman to the door, and several large-eyed children into the hall. As the children and herself were at the time in the enjoyment of what they considered health, Mrs. Bickle did not feel it incumbent to be extra polite.

Mrs. Bickle held the candle, and she and the children watched the gentleman's ascent of the narrow, winding stair. The house being only two-storied, he had not far to go. Mr. Temple, who had apparently just started to meet him, stood waiting till he reached the top.

"Sir," he said, "I take this kind of you."

Dr. Murray could not at first discern his face, but the tone of the voice struck him pleasantly. It seemed to accord with the "At your convenance."

"In here, please, sir."

The man led the way into the room.

Dr. Murray had seen many such rooms—rather, he had seen many much worse rooms. This was small; it gave evidence of poverty; it was barely furnished. But it was a bright room. Exactly why it gave the impression of brightness it was difficult to say; perhaps because Mr. Temple was in it. That was the conclusion the doctor came to afterwards.

There was a small fire in the grate. A lamp was on the round table. There was a chair—only one chair—which was put by the bedside. In the bed lay a woman. Mr. Temple introduced her briefly, "My wife."

The woman turned her eyes in the direction of the doctor. That was her recognition of his presence.

"I thought I'd like you to step round and have a look at her," said Mr. Temple. "I've feared she isn't quite so well to-day. There ain't much the matter, is there, Lucy? But I fancied it'd be a comfort to me if you'd see her."

When Mr. Temple said there wasn't much the matter, it has to be borne in mind that he had been wont to see her for five-and-twenty years like this.

"She had a stroke, and she has been paralyzed ever since," said Mr. Temple simply.

He did not speak in a particularly sad voice, or as if he pitied her or himself. The doctor looked at Mrs. Temple.

It would have been difficult to say what her age might have been, she was such a wreck of a woman. She was, as a matter of fact ten years younger than her husband, and he was going on for seventy. She was perfectly helpless. She could not move any part of her body without a'd; she had even lost the use of her hands. Her face was drawn to one sine by the paralyzed muscles, and thus distorted was bereft of any beauty it might have possessed. Speech was difficult to her, and the few words she uttered were scarcely articulate. There was no light or color in her face; only her eyes showed that she was a living woman. They looked straight out, blue and shining, vivid against the parchment skin, the scant white hair.

"I fancy," said Mr. Temple, "she's had a bit of a chill. Do what I will this room's draughty, and she naturally feels the cold. She never complains, but I know she feels the cold. Don't you Lucy?"

She muttered something.

"Yes," said Mr. Temple, "she does. You may be sure if she owns to it there's reason. The only thing we ever quarrel about is that she won't ever say what ails her, unless I worry it out. She's an obstinate woman, is Lucy."

The idea of applying such a word to the poor creature would have seemed ludicrous to the doctor if it hadn't been for Temple's tone and the look in the eyes of his wife as she turned them in the direction of the old man.

They were always turned in his direction when he was in the room. That was one of the things the doctor found out before very long.

"Who attends to her?" he inquired, when he had asked Temple a few questions and written a prescription.

"Why, I do, sir," said Temple. "I wouldn't let any one else touch her."

"Do you mean you do everything?"

"Why, yes, sir. Who should if not me? She is my wife. I used to be a bit clumsy at first, but I've had time to learn. I manage pretty fair now, don't I, Lucy?"

Again the grateful, devoted eyes shone upon him. The doctor had seen how a woman could look when she loves. There were times when the remembrance of shining, long-lashed, upturned eyes thrilled him almost to pain, but—would Norah ever look at him like that?

He cleared his throat before he spoke again. "But you go to work. What then? Is she alone?"

"Why, she is, sir, so to speak. I wouldn't leave her if I could help it. But I always commend her to the Lord before I go out, and He ain't never failed us yet."

The doctor had a man's hatred of cant. But he had sufficient insight by now into the character of those with whom he dealt to know that these words were as simple and sincere as those which had preceded them.

"I get up early of a morning, you see, sir," said Temple, "and make our breakfasts and attend to her. Then before I start for work—I'm in an engineer's employ—I just boards her up in bed so as she can't fall out. I'm back at dinner hour, and we have it together. Then, when I leave work, my evenin' soon passes. There's usually a bit of cooking to be done, and washing up, and the room to be seen to. A invalid must have things clean about her; it isn't agreeable to just lie and look at everything dirty. I like Lucy to keep bright—but there! she always is; and if occasionally she gets down I soon cheer her up, don't I, Lucy? Me and Sunny together. Sunny—that's our bullfinch. He's asleep now, covered up, you see, and I won't disturb him. But by day he's that lively! He chirps and talks away to Lucy; he's company for her, Sunny is, bless his little heart!"

He told the story of his great unselfish life without any idea that it was either the one or the other. Indeed, he would have been surprised if the doctor had followed his inclination to wring his hand and tell him he was proud to make his acquaintance. And the doctor did not know the extent of his self-sacrifice. He could not, even if he had known, realize at once what it meant to the tired workingman to rise early in the cold winter mornings that everything might be ready for the day before he started off; the room was tidied, the fire was lit, the breakfast was made, and Lucy fed, before he touched a morsel. Other men have their wives to attend to them, roughly perhaps, but to some extent kindly. Temple, however, received no help. He even did some of the washing that money might be saved from the laundress. He gave Lucy little luxuries. When she had beef-tea he ate the tasteless meat from which all nourishment had been extracted, and he enjoyed it the more the more tasteless it was, for then he knew it was likely the beef-tea was good. If she protested it was useless; she had given up protesting long ago. He did it, and she took it as a matter of course. But she was not ungrateful.

His reward? Ah, he had his reward. He loved her better than he had ever done in the days of her youth and health and beauty. And what does true love ask but the opportunity to serve? And she? What she felt for him it would take a better pen than mine to describe; rather I defy any pen to describe it. I believe even the angels who looked into that garret could not understand it, for angels do not suffer nor need the tender ministry of man. They do not know what it is to be a burden where one would be a burden-bearer, and yet to find not gloom nor reproaches, but chivalrous devotion. Only He who gave the heart of women its needs and its powers could have understood how this one regarded her husband—He, and here and there another made wise by suffering.

When Dr. Murray had gone, the old man got ready for the night. He was obliged to retire early whenever possible. He brought warm water to the bedside and washed the hands and face of his wife, and tied on her white night-cap. In the morning he would perform her toilet again, and do her hair for her. And he took pride in doing it, as he said, "as stylish as a hairdresser." Then he arranged on a chair, so as to be within reach, a candle in a tin candlestick, a glass of water and a biscuit. After that he fetched a large prayer-book and the Bible, and read the Psalms and the second lesson for the evening, and afterwards prayed. He thanked God for the many mercies vouchsafed to them that day, for food and power to work, and for a home. He remembered those without these blessings, and begged that they might receive them. He commended himself and his wife to God's keeping throughout the night.

Then his day was over. In the night Mrs. Temple was thirsty. She did not disturb her husband; but he awoke, lit the candle, and held the glass of water to her lips.

Dr. Murray kept his promise to call. He got into the habit of looking in on the old couple pretty frequently. He wrote and told Norah about them, and one day she sent Mrs. Temple some flowers, and the simple act gave such happiness that it was repeated, and during the winter the garret was never without a chrysanthemum or two.

The spring brought hope to the doctor. He knew that Mrs. Hawker's reign was drawing to an end, and that the "by-and-by" would soon be here. It had been a hard winter. Strikes had brought added poverty to many a home, and the infant sickness and mortality had been terrible. And then there had been the influenza! But he had battled on, working all day and sometimes half the night, and kept himself brave with the thought of Norah. And now it was April. And on the 1st of June!

He called on the Temples before he went away. They had known that his marriage was approaching, but not exactly the date of it.

"I am going off for a month," he said to John. Then reddening, "When I come back I hope to bring another friend to see you."

"Sir!" The old man looked at him. Then grasping his meaning held out his rough yet gentle hand.

"God bless you, sir! You couldn't tell me anything that would make me more rejoiced. The dear young lady! We seem to know her now, already; but we shall really see her and love her, I am sure."

"Oh, yes," said Murray, "you'll love her, Mr. Temple. Everybody does."

"Lucy, did you hear? The doctor is going to fetch the dear lady."

The woman unclosed her eyes. She looked at the doctor, and the drawn face seemed flooded with sweetness. Her lips moved.

"She says, 'God bless you,' sir. Lucy says, 'God bless you.' And when she says it she means it. Ah, we know what a blessed thing married life can be; don't we Lucy? It's a solemn fact, sir, to take a woman to be your wife. It's a solemn fact. But when the blessing of God rests upon a union, marriage is a sacrament that brings you added grace. It is, sir. Your faith grows, and your love grows, and your nature deepens. You learn many things. I'm old and I've lived, but the part of my life that has helped me to the best knowledge is—just that. I took Lucy. I said I'd 'love her, comfort her, honor and keep her in sickness and in health.' I've tried, and we've been happy. Sir, love does it all. You'll want to comfort her, you'll have to honor her, and if sickness comes you'll love her all the more."

From the bed there came a strange sound. It was something between a laugh and a sob. And the doctor turning, looked away again. Her husband's words had moved the wife to tears, but her face was radiant with joy in her upturned eyes.

Temple laid his hand on hers—hers, which could give no answering pressure. "Sir," he said, "I can't wish you better happiness than I've had. I wish you as much. And I take it I'm about the happiest man in London."—[Cornhill Magazine.

HUNTING PYTHONS.

Natal Natives Burn the Forest and Drive the Reptiles in a Pit.

The colony of Natal, South Africa, abounds in boa constrictors and pythons. While they do not attack men they are especially destructive of cattle, sheep and oxen, and for this reason parties are formed by hunters and natives to burn the bush and forest in order to exterminate the pests.

Some of the soldiers at Pietermaritzburg were recently informed by a party of neighboring Zulus of the whereabouts of a huge python that had been destroying their oxen. The soldiers, with 200 natives, started off to capture the snake, and having located it, the forest was fired for about a mile roundabout, an enormous pit having been previously dug in towards the centre of the inclosed space. What with the burning brush and the shouts of the excited Kaffirs they soon drove the reptile towards the pit where, closing in upon him, they forced him into it. The python proved to be of enormous size, being thirty-two feet long and forty-one inches in circumference. It appeared to be quite stupid or dazed, having just eaten a young ox that had been let into the inclosure.

An enormous cage with iron bars half way down the front having been constructed the snake was got out of the pit and taken into Maritzburg in the cage. Here it is kept on exhibition at the barracks, and is fed twice a week, two Kaffir goats at each meal. It will not eat anything that has been already killed for it, preferring to kill its food itself. The goats are thrust through a small door at the end of the cage alive, when fixing its great eyes upon them, the snake suddenly lunges forward and crushes them in its powerful folds. After covering them with a thick slime about two inches thick, before swallowing it flattens them out by squeezing them, and then devours them almost at a gulp. After this the python goes to sleep and does not wake until it is time to feed again.

A gentleman in Maritzburg owns a python that has been confined in a cage for over thirteen months. During this period the snake has not eaten a mouthful of food of any kind, although every conceivable delicacy of likely snake diet, such as frogs, birds, rats and meats, has been set to tempt its appetite. Its fast seems not to be broken and the owner has at last abandoned the idea of coaxing the coily prisoner with food. It drinks a very small quantity of water. In a dormant state this fasting would be better understood, for in this state reptiles of this description have been known to exist for periods of eighteen months, or even three years.—[New York World.

Curiosities About Wood.

The strongest wood which grows within the limits of the United States is that known as "nutmeg" hickory, which flourishes on the lower Arkansas river. The most elastic is tamarack, the black, or shelbark, standing not far below. The wood with the least elasticity and lowest specific gravity is the Fiscus aurea. The wood of the highest specific gravity is the blue wood of Texas and Mexico. The heaviest of the foreign woods are the pomegranate and the lignum vitae; the lightest, cork. The tensile strength of the best-known woods is set forth in the following, the words "tensile strength" meaning the weight of power required to tear asunder one square inch of each: Ash, 14,200 pounds; beech, 11,500; cedar, 14,400; chestnut, 10,500; cypress, 6,000; elm, 13,400; fir, 12,000; lance, 23,000; lignum vitae, 11,800; locust, 20,500; mahogany, 21,000; maple, 10,500; American white oak, 11,500; pear, 9,800; pitch pine, 12,000; larch, 9,500; poplar, 7,000; spruce, 10,200; teak, 14,000; walnut, 7,800; willow, 13,000.

The weight in pounds per square foot (without fractions) of the well-known woods (dry) is as follows: Butternut, 25; cedar, 35; cherry, 44; chestnut, 38; cork, 15; dogwood, 47; ebony, 83; box elder, 43; elm, 41; blue gum, 52; water gum, 62; white hickory, 49; shellbark hickory, 43; holly, 47; juniper, 35; lancewood, 45; larch, 34; basswood or linn, 37; mahogany, 66; hard maple, 46; white maple, 34; mulberry, 35; white oak, 53; persimmon, 44; pear, 41; pitch pine, 41; red pine, 36; white pine, 34; yellow pine, 33; plum, 49; poplar, 33; spruce, 31; sycamore, 38; tamarack, 23; black walnut, 41; white walnut, 32; the willows, from 30 to 36, and the yew, 49.

Four hundred and thirteen different species of trees grow in the different States and Territories, and of this number, 16, when perfectly seasoned, will sink in water. These woods of high specific gravity grow mostly in the arid regions of New Mexico, Arizona and Nevada.—[St. Louis Republic.

THE great fortifications at Quebec, which first and last have cost $30,000,000 or $40,000,000, are crumbling down, and no effort will be made to restore them, for their military significance has passed away.

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

INTERESTING NOTES AND MATTERS OF MOMENT.

Queer Facts and Thrilling Adventures Which Show that Truth is Stranger Than Fiction.

A GEORGIA grower has succeeded in raising a seedless watermelon.

TWO-THIRDS of the flotsam and jetsam carried by the Gulf Stream sooner or later finds its way into the Saratoga Sea.

THE Congo has twice the extent of the navigable waters of the Mississippi and its tributaries, and three times its population.

CHARLES MCILVAINE, the American expert on fungi, claims to have eaten full meals of over 400 species of toadstools without ever having been poisoned.

NEWARK, N. J., is a great place for cork-screws. One firm in that city made last year 160,000,000, enough, if they were placed end to end, to half encircle the globe.

MR. ED. C. HILL, of Hart county, Kentucky, has a pair of steelyards, which have been in active use 125 years in Kentucky, and were possibly in use many years previous in Virginia, from which place they were bought by his ancestors. They have been used to weigh the oldest child in five generations, and bid fair to last many years.

A SUSPENDED city has been discovered off Glacier Bay, Alaska, by a party of excursionists. This curious phenomenon is seen regularly after full moon in June, and in no other time. It is said to be a beautiful mirage of some unknown city suspended directly over the bay. A photographer has taken pictures of it four times, but no one has been able to identify one of the ghostly buildings outlined.

THE Hindoos have a queer way of emphasizing what they have got to say. In most villages is a sacred tree, a pipal tree, and the gods are supposed to delight to sit among its leaves and listen to the music of their rustling. The deponent takes one of these leaves in his hands and invokes the gods, who sit above him, to crush him and those dear to him, as he crushes the leaf in his hand, if he speaks anything but the truth. He then plucks and crushes the leaf and states what he has to say.

ONE of the experiments made by those whose business it is to test the strength of dynamite, gun cotton and other explosives, is to place fresh plucked leaves between two plates of panel steel and explode cartridges on the upper plate. The recoil in such cases is so great and sudden that the upper plate is driven downward with such great force and rapidity as to catch exact impressions of the leaves before their delicate ribs have time to give way to the force of the blow. This novel method of engraving is one of the wonders of the century.

A PECULIAR incident happened while the Sixth Regiment were engaged in rifle practice at the New Jersey State camp at Sea Girt. Lieutenant R. R. Albertson was trying to qualify on the 300 yard range. On his fifth shot three blackbirds flew across the range. The Lieutenant's rifle cracked and one of the birds fell. At the same moment the signal target indicated that the lieutenant had scored four points, only one point from the center. An examination of the dead bird showed that the bullet in its flight for the target had passed through its breast.

THERE is danger of the extinction of the elephant in South Africa. The British Central African Gazette says that nearly 3,000 hunters leave Tete and Zumbo annually to shoot elephants in the territory north of Zambesi. These men kill all the elephants they see, young and old. The Gazette is of the opinion that the African race of elephants can be saved only by a decision of the Powers with possessions in the Dark Continent forbidding the exportation of elephant tusks from beasts under ten years of age. The natives, the paper says, would soon learn of this decision and cease killing young elephants.

IT is a remarkable fact that the deepest parts of the sea are in all cases very near the land. The deepest sounding known, 4,665 fathoms, or 27,990 feet, was obtained 110 miles from the Kurile Islands; the next deepest, 4,561 fathoms, was found 70 miles north of Porto Rico. With a few exceptions like these the depth of the ocean as far as now known does not reach 4,000 fathoms, or four sea miles. The North Pacific has a mean depth of 2,500 fathoms, the South Pacific of 2,400, the Indian Ocean of 2,000, and the Atlantic, by far the best investigated ocean, has a mean depth of 2,200 fathoms.

HARVEY Carpenter, of Grassy, Morgan county, Kentucky, raised a gourd, which, cleaned and dried, held twenty-one gallons and one quart of water. A gentleman of Mt. Sterling came into possession of the gourd, and not long afterwards he chanced to meet his friend, Mr. Satullie, and asked him what he would charge for a gourd full of cider. Mr. Satullie, being a clever man, wouldn't of course charge a friend anything for so small a favor, and told him to send on his gourd, but was surprised to find that his promise had obligated him to give away more than a half barrel of his good cider. But he is a man of his word and he sent the beverage.

THERE'S a romance in Forepaugh's show that isn't apparent to the careless eye, says the Lewiston Journal. Becky, the elephant, is deeply in love with one of the camels, who doesn't seem to respond as ardently as could be desired. Becky is easy only when she is near the object of her affections, and although gifted with a marvellous appetite of her own, she is continualy throwing hay and provender to the camel. Next thing the African hartbeest will get into a love scrape with the polar bear and they'll elope to—well, how will they settle that matter? It's the pompadour camel that Becky loves, and it must be affection inspired by mental ambition—'tisn't his face or figure.

A PARIS correspondent describes one of the oddest industries of that city to be found in a little shop in the Rue des Ecoles, which deals exclusively with the second-hand boots of the men who work in the sewers. These boots are furnished by the State and come half way up the thigh, and each man is allowed a new pair every six months. When new they cost $9; when sold second-hand they realize the modest sum of fifty cents, but as at least 6,000 pair per annum are sent to the Rue des Ecoles, it makes quite a booming industry. The leather of these boots is, so to speak, tanned by the alkaline and greasy water in which the sewer-cleaners paddle, and they are eagerly sought for by the great Parisian bootmakers; for this leather, being at once tough and light, serves to sustain the curve of the Louis XV heel.

A WONDERFUL child, who, at the age of two years, can read with fluency any writing or printing in German or Latin characters, pronouncing correctly the most difficult words, is described in the columns of the Magdeburg Zeitung. The boy learned to read in play. When about a year and a half old, while walking out with his grandmother, he showed the liveliest interest in all the signs, bills and placards, and was especially delighted with the display in booksellers' shops. At home he played with books and newspapers, and one day, finding his own name, "Otto," in print, he ran to show it with delight to his parents. The boy is mentally and physically perfectly healthy and normal. He has fair hair and very lively, intelligent brown eyes,. Three "well-known and highly respected physicians" have decided that the boy possesses an immense wealth of pictures of memory, but can give no physiological explanation. His name is Otto Pohlert, and he is the son of a Brunswick butcher.

RECENTLY a remarkable phenomenon occurred at Pocatello, Idaho, which, though not unprecedented, has evoked much interest. During the afternoon of a fine, balmy spring day, a light, drizzling rain set in with a brisk breeze from the south, and continued for some minutes. It was noticed, while the rain was falling, that it was of a peculiar whiteness; and when the shower had passed and the sun came out, those wearing dark clothing who had been out in the rain discovered that they were covered with minute white crystal. Subsequently, it was found that all buildings in the town facing south were similarly crystallized, and on analysis these tiny crystals proved to be salt. The occurrence has given rise to a good deal of speculation as to the source of this saline shower, but the only reasonable explanation is that it must have originated in the Great Salt Lake in Utah, nearly three hundred miles away. A strong south wind had probably swept across the Great Lake on a warm day and, catching up the salt vapor from the water, had carried it away northward, to deposit it in Pocatello.

DUNMOW, in Essex County, England, has been bringing itself before the public again by a revival of its flitch-of-bacon ceremony. Dunmow ought to be able to furnish some answers to the great question of how to be happy though married. It is the place where it was once the custom to reward and promote conjugal felicity by giving a flitch of bacon to the couple who, after a year of matrimonial experience, could swear that they had not regretted entering the estate commended of St. Paul to be honorable. It appears that even the pious Prior of Dunmow, who instituted the custom hundreds of years ago, had certain modern, sceptical notions about the success of marriage. Apparently he was of the opinion that there would seldom be many claimants for the prize. The number of candidates who filled the conditions have not been many in the whole history of Dunmow, and the presentations of the flitch of bacon have been few and far between. But this year Dunmow revived the custom, and two couples received the award due to those who marry and do not regret it. One was a Dublin magistrate and his wife and the other a railroad servant and his wife, from Hertfordshire. The jury was composed of six young maidens and six young bachelors, and after the trial an operatic cantata, "Ye Dunmow Flitch," was performed. The oath which the winners of the flitch have to take is enough to deter many from proclaiming their married happiness to the world. After the trial, which takes the form of questions and answers in the presence of the assembled multitude, the oath is administered to the happy pair while they kneel upon two hard, pointed rocks.

THE state with the greatest railroad mileage is Illinois—10,428 miles. Next come Pennsylvania, with 9,435; Texas, with 9,184; Kansas, with 8,934; Ohio, with 8,558; Iowa, with 8,513; and New York, with 8,110.

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FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS. Sept. 13.

STATE DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For Governor,
WILLIAM M. SINGERLY.
For Lieutenant Governor,
JOHN S. RILLING.
For Auditor General,
DAVID F. MAGEE.
For Secretary of Internal Affairs,
WALTER W. GREENLAND.
For Congressman-at-Large,
THOMAS COLLINS.
HENRY MEYER.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

For Congress,
AARON WILLIAMS.
For Senate,
MATT SAVAGE.
For President Judge,
CALVIN M. BOWER.
For Legislature,
ROBERT M. FOSTER.
JAMES SCHOFIELD.
For Jury Commissioner,
JOSEPH J. HOY.
For Associate Judge,
THOMAS F. RILEY.

DEMOCRACY'S RECORD.

Let this be a reading and thinking campaign. Brass bands and parades don't educate the voter. The people need to understand that the Democratic party repealed the Sherman silver bill, by which 60 cents worth of silver was called a dollar; that it repealed the infamous force bill; that it repealed the McKinley high tariff bill, so that now, under the Democratic tariff the poor man can purchase cheaper goods for his family; that it cut down the number of offices, thereby saving thousands of dollars of the people's money.

All this has been done inside two years, and now the country is on the road to prosperity. Mills and factories are starting up, work is getting plentier, and times, which began to get bad under Harrison's administration, are now changing for the better.

Read and think, voter, and you will vote right.

ALL THE manufacturing industries of York, Pa., over a dozen in number, have started up with new life, and full force of men, giving employment to several thousand men. Surely prosperity is on the upward march.

WILLIAM M. SINGERLY gives employment to more labor than any other single citizen in Philadelphia, and he don't cut down wages and make promises that he never fulfills. A vote for Singerly is a vote for the friend of the poor.

NOMINEE FOR SENATOR.

Matt Savage, of Clearfield, was nominated for Senator by the conferrees of Centre and Clearfield, at Tyrone, on Saturday last. Mr. Savage is editor of the Clearfield *Public Spirit*, and an aggressive Democrat. He is well fitted for the position, and will be true to the Democracy and the interests of his constituents, in the State Senate.

Mr. Savage is a Democrat sound upon every vital principle of our party, without any halfway or "ifs" about him. He is a comparatively young man, and has rendered the party valuable service through his newspaper, as well as in individual effort for the success of Democracy.

GENERAL HASTINGS, in his speech the other day at Harrisburg, "sounding the keynote," did not mention a word about the forty dollar plank of of his platform. Come, General, tell the people all about it, explain what it means. If there is no other explanation of it, why just say that now, under the new tariff, forty dollars will buy thirty dollars worth more goods than under the McKinley tariff.

A NUMBER of car loads of apples have been sent from Union county to York to be made into apple-jack. Bro. Focht will likely have several jugs of the jack on hand to reconcile the recalcitrant in old Union, by the time the election comes around. It can be put to them under the argument that rattlesnakes are not yet gone to winter quarters, and it will be good to take it against bites and thus rake in votes. Eyeshutters of that kind will go down in Union county.

GEN. HASTINGS' 40.

General Hastings' stumping tour has been laid out and he begins it by speaking at Emporium on the 17th. His tour for forty counties has been laid out, starting at Emporium.

Forty is not the luckiest kind of a number. The children of Israel wandered forty years in the wilderness, and gave Moses much trouble. It rained forty days and forty nights and everybody got fearfully wet except Noah and his folks who kept dry in the ark. Next comes the Republican platform with a forty dollar plank in it which General Hastings cannot explain, and he now stands a chance of getting licked like forty, and a fellow at our elbow is willing to bet forty dollars that Gen. Hastings won't get 40,000 majority.

IS IT true that the Democratic party with its low tariff is going to ruin the country? Not much, we guess. The new tariff is in force and right at the start the workingman is getting goods for less money and trade is reviving.

"IS CENTRE COUNTY going for Hastings," is the inquiry now and then. Well, no. What Centre county means to do, is, to let Hastings alone, since they have heard of a man down in Fildelfy, named Singerly.

EMPLOYERS AND WAGES.

Commerce, industry and trade are now rapidly reviving in our midst, and employers should deal squarely with labor at the start. If they refuse to do so they may reasonably expect repeated disturbances and much greater loss in the end than if they had paid just wages in the beginning. The workingmen of the country have become too well informed to be deceived as to what are their just rights under our tariff laws, and until those rights are fairly respected by employers, there will be continued labor disturbances.

Under the severe depression of the last year or more, resulting from causes entirely disconnected with the tariff, there has been very general prostration in the circles of our productive industries. One of the chief causes of the depression says the Philadelphia *Press*, was the overproduction stimulated by the oppressive tariff taxes of the McKinley bill, which were denied to labor and simply added to the profits of employers. That surplus production has been practically exhausted, and our industries are about to be revived for two very important reasons. In the first place, our markets have been bared of surplus productions, and new supplies are an imperative necessity. In the second place, a generally wise tariff law has been enacted and the business interests of the country clearly understand the business conditions in their respective lines for years to come. There will therefore be an active revival of our industries, leading at an early day to a very prosperous condition of our manufacturing interests.

It is not fair dealing with labor for employers to take advantage of the present business depression to force a reduction of labor wages on the false pretext that the new tariff makes it a necessity. It is not the truth. If our woolen, carpet, glass and other leading manufacturers would honestly pay their workmen the average wages paid by their competitors in foreign countries, and then add to them the tariff taxes levied on foreign products in competition with them expressly for the benefit of American labor, there would not be a complaint from the workingmen in a single mill throughout the land. The woolen manufacturers have now free wool and practically free chemicals and dye stuffs, with about forty per cent. protection on their products, levied solely for the benefit of labor. Our carpet manufacturers have also free wool and substantially free raw materials with a tariff tax of forty per cent. on their product, levied for the protection of their labor. In these channels of industry the Wilson tariff bill gives even better protection than did the distinctly protective tariff of 1842, prepared by Mr. Clay, the great champion of protected labor.

A strong effort is being made to reduce labor wages to the starvation point by the glass manufacturers, and they, too, plead that the new tariff necessitates it. They are protected under the new tariff from forty to fifty per cent. on every important article that they manufacture. In other words, the American consumers of glass, who embrace every class and condition of our people, pay from forty to fifty cents additional for every dollar's worth of glass that they purchase, and they pay this for the purpose of enabling our glass manufacturers to pay vastly higher wages to their workmen than are paid in the same industry abroad. To say that a protection of from forty to fifty per cent. is not adequate for the maintenance of our glass industry is simply an absurdity, and it is done solely for the purpose of reducing the wages of labor for the benefit of employers. In addition to this forty to fifty per cent. protection to the glass men, they have the advantage of three thousand miles of ocean between them and their foreign competitors, and that probably fully compensates for the increased cost of plant, coal, etc., in American mills.

Under the McKinley bill, by which tariff taxes were largely increased ostensibly for the benefit of labor, the manufacturers of this country, as a rule, did not increase the wages of their employes, but in very many instances reduced them. Instead of giving labor the benefit of the increased taxes imposed upon the people for the benefit of labor, they profited entirely by the exactions put upon consumers to increase wages, and now, when tariff taxes have been reduced to a reasonable standard of protection, they insult the intelligence of the American people by declaring that with forty or fifty per cent. taxes levied upon the consumers of their products, they must pay the free-trade wages of England to their operatives.

The workingmen are too intelligent not to understand this phase of the issue, and there will be unrest and turbulence among workingmen until they are assured that the taxes levied by the government for their benefit are honestly paid to them in wages. Whenever that shall be done by employers and the wages shall be inadequate, there may be just complaint against our tariff policy; but until our manufacturers pay to their labor in wages, in excess of the wages paid abroad, the taxes levied for the benefit of labor, there can be no just attempt to reduce wages on the plea that tariff changes make it a necessity. Deal justly with labor; it will pay in the end.

THE Putman Clothing House, Chicago, advertises all wool boys' suits which were $5 under the McKinley tariff, now at $3 under the new free wool tariff. To save $2 out of $5, on account of the Democratic tariff and free wool, will surely please every Republican as well as every Democratic voter. There is no denying this—and Wanamaker is advertising all goods cheaper on account of the new tariff bill.

IT IS possible to elect Singerly by from 10,000 to 15,000 majority—at all events that should be the outcome. He is immensely popular among the working classes in Philadelphia, whose friend and benefactor he has been. For a dozen years he has bought coal and sold it to the poor and working classes under price. What a noble man, this deed alone proves him to be, besides his many other acts of kindness and charity. Here is opportunity to vote for a noble man, of noble deeds, for Governor.

"THAT KEYNOTE."

The esteemed Gen. Hastings, in his Harrisburg speech, sounding the key note said that the country under the McKinley bill increased its births at a greater rate than would have been the case under Democratic rule. We think the amiable General is right, for the record of the Centre county courts during Harrison's administration and McKinley high tariff, shows that the "f. and b." cases were higher in number than ever before, stimulated under McKinley high tariff, of course. The REPORTER is willing that the Republican nominee for Governor shall take all the credit of the "f. and b's" for himself and party.

SOMETHING is to be allowed to the verbosity and enthusiasm of a candidate but we submit that General Hastings went a little too far when he attributed the "increase of population" wholly to protection. It is a grave question whether that feature of protection which drew clouds of immigrants to this country has proved of practical benefit and the General struck an uncertain note so far as his reference went in that direction. But there can be no doubt that he made a ludicrous blunder in so far as he attributed the fecundity of the race to Republican legislation known as "protection." The General will find upon examination of statistics that the proportion of births has not decreased since the Wilson bill became a law and he will discover a year hence no falling off in the demand for baby carriages. Many preposterous claims have been made for protection but we may safely guess that the mothers of this country will regard this the most ridiculous of all up to date.—*Patriot.*

THE Republican county committee will open up headquarters next week in the Bush Arcade, in rooms just east of those occupied by the Central Railroad of Pennsylvania officials, says the *Daily News.* What's the use, the Democrats will shut it down in November.

CANDIDATE Hastings asks whether consumers get their goods more cheaply now than they did under Republican rule. John Wanamaker says they do, and advertises goods at lower prices. Suppose Gen. Hastings read Wanamaker's ad's at his meetings.

HUMAN weeds—men of great pretentions without deeds.

THE true hero—he who under all circumstances will do that which is right.

—Whether you want a suit made of order or one ready-made, you will find Lewins $3 to $5 cheaper than elsewhere. Has new spring styles just opened. Largest assortment in Central Penna from which to select.

While in Chicago, Mr. Chrles L. Kahler, a prominent shoe merchant of Des Moines, Iowa, had quite a serious time of it. He took such a severe cold that he could hardly talk or navigate, but the prompt use of Chamberlain'sCough Remedy cured him of his cold so quickly that others at the hotel who had bad colds followed example and half a dozen persons ordered it from the nearest drug store. They were profuse in their thanks to Mr. Kahler for telling them how to cure a bad cold so quickly. For sale by Wm. Pealer, of Spring Mills and S. M. Swartz Tussyville.

Did you ever see one of the famous waterproof Interlined Collars or Cuffs? It's very easy to tell, for they are all marked this way

TRADE CELLULOID MARK.

They are the only Interlined Collars and Cuffs, and are made of linen, covered with waterproof "CELLULOID." They'll stand right by you day in and day out, and they are all marked this way

TRADE CELLULOID MARK.

The first cost is the only cost, for they keep clean a long time, and when soiled you can clean them in a minute by simply wiping off with a wet cloth—that is the kind marked this way

TRADE CELLULOID MARK.

These collars and cuffs will outlast six linen ones. The wearer escapes laundry trials and laundry bills—no chafed neck and no wilting down if you get a collar marked this way

TRADE CELLULOID MARK.

Ask your dealer first, and take nothing that has not above trade mark, if you desire perfect satisfaction. All others are imitations absolutely.

If you can't find collars or cuffs marked this way, we will send you a sample postpaid on receipt of price. Collars, 25 cts. each. Cuffs 50 cts. pair. Give your size and say whether stand-up or turned-down collar is wanted.

THE CELLULOID COMPANY,
427-29 Broadway, NEW YORK.

1861--1894.

WM. SHORTLIDGE, ROBERT McCALMONT, Managers.

McCALMONT & CO.,
—Sellers of—
Farmers'...
-: Supplies
And Buyers of Farm Products.....

-Dealers in-

Conklin Wagons, Buggies, Carriages, Surries, and Spring Wagons.

Coal, Crushed Coke, Hydraulic Cements, Explosives, Fertilizers, Plaster and Salt.

Stone Crushers and Road Machinery a specialty.

We invite patronage.

McCALMONT & CO.,
BELLEFONTE, - - PA.

BICYCLES
BICYCLES, VEHICLES
1-2 PRICE
Save money by buying BICYCLES, VEHICLES, FARM IMPLEMENTS, SEWING MACHINES, &c. We sell goods at ABSOLUTE FACTORY PRICES. Our Bicycles equal any on earth at less than half others price. We handle only such goods as we can guarantee. Our Groods, Elegant FAMILY SURREY, Canopy Top, Side Curtains, no better made, only $42.50. Nothing so popular on the market. Fine Carriage for $40.50; Platform Spring Wagon, $43.50. We handle a large line of fast selling agents' specialties, consisting of Rein Holders, Stoves and Grate Heaters, and thirty other staple articles, which an agent can make $10 a day selling. AGENTS WANTED. CATALOGUE FREE.
BREWSTER MFG. CO., HOLLY, MICH.
VEHICLES
IMPLEMENTS
FACTORY PRICE

PUBLIC SALE.—THE UNDERSIGNED WILL offer his farm at public sale, on the premises, about one mile south of Centre Hill on

o—o SATURDAY, SEPT. 29, 1894, o—o

At 1 o'clock, p. m., the following valuable farm, containing

68 ACRES,

about 8 acres being woodland, all in a good state of cultivation, and clear of stones. Thereon erected a good two-story frame house, all needed outbuildings, and bank barn; a good orchard and choice fruits. Never failing well and a spring near the buildings. The farm adjoins Sinking Creek, and is No. 1 in every respect.

Terms made known on day of sale.

J. B. ROYER.

WANTED ENERGETIC MEN to sell our choice and complete line of Nursery stock and seed potatoes. Highest salary and commission paid weekly, paying and permanent position guaranteed and success assured to good men. Special inducements to beginners, experience not necessary. Exclusive territory and your own choice of same given. Do not delay. Apply to

ALLEN NURSERY CO,
Growers & Propagators, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

WANTED SALESMEN to sell a choice and complete line of NURSERY STOCK or SEED POTATOES, or both. PERMANENT and PAYING POSITIONS to GOOD MEN. We can give you exclusive territory if you wish. It will PAY YOU to write us for terms. Address.

THE HAWKS NURSERY CO.,
sep1-4m ROCHESTER, N. Y.

SEE our new London Sack Suits. They are by long odds the prettiest garment on the market this season. You will like them once you see them. FIT IS PERFECT, STYLE DIFFERENT from any of the old Sack Coats. Prices in keeping with the quality and times.

FAUBLES.

OUR MOTTO:....

Always an honest exchange of values. : :

MONEY - MONEY
WILL
LOAN OR BORROW.

STATE BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION,
Of Hollidaysburg, Pa.
CENTRE HALL BRANCH,

BRICE D. BRISBIN, President.
CLEMENT F. DEININGER, Sec. and Collector.

DIRECTORS:

DAVID L. BARTGES, DR. C. E. EMERICK, J. FRED KURTZ.

Tells Its Own Story.

INVESTOR.

The following table shows the cost and value of our Running Stock to the investor.

No. Shares.	Cost per mo.	Total cost.	Full Value.
1	$ 60	$ 54 60	$ 100 00
2	1 80	163 80	300 00
5	3 00	273 00	500 00
10	6 00	546 00	1000 00
15	9 00	819 60	1500 00
20	12 00	1092 00	2000 00
25	15 00	1365 00	2500 00

BORROWER.

Estimated cost to Borrower.

No. Shares.	Cash Rec'd.	Cost per mo.	Total
1	$ 100 00	$ 1 60	$ 145 60
2	200 00	3 20	261 20
3	300 00	4 80	436 80
4	400 00	6 40	582 40
5	500 00	8 00	728 00
6	600 00	9 60	873 60
7	700 00	11 20	1019 20
8	800 00	12 80	1164 80
9	900 00	14 40	1310 40
10	1000 00	16 00	1456 00

For the Person with Money.

OUR PAID UP STOCK.

Shares	Cash 1 paymt.	Par Value.	Annual In. ret'd.	Total In. ret'd.	Full amt. Real'zd.
1	$ 70 60	$ 100 00	$ 4 20	$ 33 60	$ 133 60
2	140 00	200 00	8 40	67 20	267 20
3	210 00	300 00	12 60	100 80	400 80
4	280 00	400 00	16 80	134 80	534 40
5	350 00	500 00	21 50	168 00	668 00
7	490 00	700 00	29 40	235 20	935 20
10	700 00	10.0 00	42 00	336 00	1336 00
15	1050 00	1500 00	63 00	504 60	2004 00
20	1400 00	2000 00	84 00	672 00	2672 00
30	2100 00	3000 00	126 00	1080 00	4008 00
50	3500 00	5000 00	210 00	1680 00	6680 00

A membership fee of one dollar per share must be accompanied with this stock.

This stock pays over 12 per cent. Interest, and is not Taxable in this State.

All information can be secured by applying to any of the above officers or Directors, or to J. M. SPENCER, GEN'L AGENT, HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA., HOME OFFICE. jun76m

IT WILL PAY YOU TO VISIT
OUR STORE IN
....Grange Park...
DURING THE PICNIC.
Harper - & - Kreamer.

FARMERS MILLS.

Interesting Items of the Week as Gathered by Our Correspondent.

The long looked for rain came at last and no doubt the farmers will make good use of it and try to get out their seeding before the Grange picnic.

M. L. Rishel is at present erecting a house on the Peter's property at Potters Mills.

John Durst with his steam thresher was whistling around in this locality, and has been doing No. 1 work.

W. J. Finkle the miller, has been kept busy the last few weeks, on account of low water at many mills.

The dry spell has delayed many of the farmers with their seeding and fall work.

The potatoes on an average will not yield more than half a crop.

John Bridge, formerly of Zion, is black-smithing in M. P. Musser's shop, and is gaining a large trade. There is always work for a good mechanic.

John S., son of Spear Hettinger came home Saturday last and intends spending a few weeks under the parental roof, and take in the picnic.

George Rishel is the happiest man in the neighborhood, because of the little girl who came to stay at his house a short time ago.

The miscreant who trimmed the tails of O. T. Corman's horses had better keep shady, or he will have to abide by the consequences.

Mrs. Carrie Eckhart returned from her wedding tour a short time ago and looks gay as you please. Good luck to you.

G. J. Meyer, of Coburn, was visiting at his son-in-law's, J. H. Rishel during the past week.

Tammie Rishel spent several days with her brother, Ed Meyer, at Linden Hall, and reports the old homestead looking natural.

Mr. and Mrs. Bickle, of Bellefonte, spent Sunday with Nathaniel Bathman.

Rumors of a Big Combine.

There is a rumor abroad that there is a big plan on foot to concentrate the Anthracite coal roads including the Reading, Lehigh Valley, Jersey Central, Delaware and Hudson, and the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western into a few hands and it is openly asserted that the Rothchilds and Vanderbilts are working in harmony on the scheme. The former have been buyers of Reading stocks and bonds reports to the contrary notwithstanding, but the extent of their purchase is not known. That control of the Reading has not changed since last year is admitted, but it is not improbable that the big holders could be induced to join in a plan the object of which would be the control of all the Anthracite coal carrying and producing companies. Important developments in this respect are promised for the near future.

Irving W. Larimore, physical director of Y. M. C. A., Des Moines, Iowa says he can conscientionsly recommend Chambelain's Pain Balm to athletes, gymnasts, bicyclist, foot ball players and the profession in general for bruises, sprains and dislocations; also for soreness and stiffness of the muscles. When applied before the parts become swollen it will effect a cure in one half the time usually required. For sale by Wm. Pealer, of Spring Mills and S. M. Swartz, Tussyville.

The Judge Censured the Jury.

Before Judge Harold McClure at Lewistown this week William E. Peffer was tried for felonious assault upon his twelve-year-old sister-in-law, whom he dragged from a buggy and outraged while taking her home from a neighbor's. The jury brought in a verdict for simple assault and recommended the prisoner to the mercy of the court. The judge censured the jury for not finding him guilty as indicted, as he then could have given him a longer sentence. As it was he gave him the full extent, $25 fine and two years in the Western penitentiary.

Uniformity in Fees.

The lack of uniformity in charging fees for taking out naturalization papers in the several counties of this state has impelleed the auditor general, after receiving an opinion from the attorney general, to send notices to all prothonotaries stating that it is the imperative duty of each to charge $1.15 when a foreigner files his declaration of intention to become a naturalized citizen and $1.25 when the subsequent papers are issued.

A Good Walk.

There is now a good, stiff board walk over the long stretch between Kerlin's and Runkle's, a thing needed for the past two years in place of the dangerous one oft referred to in these columns. An improvement is the nailing of the boards crosswise instead of lengthwise, the latter method causing such a walk to be more slippy than ice in wet weather. It is four feet wide, which is sufficient. We chalk you a merit mark for it.

A Complete Store.

During the week of the picnic Harper & Kreamer will be found at their usual stand on the grounds, where a purchase of any kind can be made.

—Subscribe for the REPORTER.

Green Goods Men Lose for Once.

The Green Goods men of Jersey City and New York are out $3,000. They induced a farmer to take it and he took it and kept it and has it yet, although two of the gentry assaulted him and tried to get it away from him, but he held on to the grip in which he had the money and is now considerably richer than before he visited New York. Their scheme is to count out a lot of good money and let the victim examine it, and then after he has examined it they pretend to wrap it up for him but here is where they deceive him, for they substitute brown paper, shavings, &c., for the money, and the victim never discovers the fraud until he opens the package on his way home. In this case the farmer, after receiving the money, preferred to hold on to it and did hold on to it, and the sharpers seeing that they were to lose their cash let the farmer go until he entered a street car when they assaulted him, but they failed to get back their $3,000. Now, why shouldn't the sharpers have had the farmer arrested for beating them, the same as is usually the case when it goes the other way.

Captured at Last.

The wild man who for some time past has terrorized the citizens of Potter county by his presence there was captured on Friday last by a posse of nearly a hundred citizens. The man was first discovered by some women while beerying. He was not afraid of women but would flee at the presence of a man. Wonderful stories are told about the marvelous strength of the captured man. He is said to be nearly seven feet in height and his body is covered with long hair. Flowing locks, two feet in length, hung down his back and his hands are said to resemble long bird-like claws.

Death the Result.

Intemperate eating, as well as intemperate drinking has its fatal results. William Seaworth, a young farmer living near Chana, made a wager with his sister that he could eat more watermelons than she could. The offer was taken up. The boy is dead and the girl, it is thought, cannot recover.

—Price, quality and style are prominent factors when you are buying clothing. Purchasers will find these to their advantage at Lewins, Bellefonte. No shoddy in the house.

—C. P. Long has been to eastern markets purchasing his Fall and Winter stock. Save your money and buy what you need at our store on picnic ground.

Jas. Boss Filled Watch Cases

are all gold as far as you can see. They look like solid cases, wear like solid cases, and are solid cases for all practical purposes—yet only cost about half as much as an out-and-out solid gold case. Warranted to wear for 20 years; many in constant use for thirty years. Better than ever since they are now fitted, at no extra cost, with the great bow (ring) which *cannot be pulled or twisted off* the case—the

Non-pull-out

Can only be had on the cases stamped with this trade mark.

All others have the old-style pull-out bow, which is only held to the case by friction, and can be twisted off with the fingers.

Sold only through watch dealers. Send for a watch case opener to the manufacturers

Keystone Watch Case Co.,
PHILADELPHIA.

The Human Electrical Forces!

How They Control the Organs of the Body.

The electrical force of the human body, as the nerve fluid may be termed, is an especially attractive department of science, as it exerts so marked an influence on the health of the organs of the body. Nerve force is produced by the brain and conveyed by means of the nerves to the various organs of the body, thus supplying the latter with the vitality necessary to insure their health. The pneumagastric nerve, as shown here, may be said to be the most important of the entire nerve system, as it supplies the heart, lungs, stomach, bowels, etc., with the nerve force necessary to keep them active and healthy. As will be seen by the cut the long nerve descending from the base of the brain and terminating in the bowels is the pneumogastric, while the numerous little branches supply the heart, lungs and stomach with necessary vitality. When the brain becomes in any way disordered by irritability or exhaustion, the nerve force which it supplies is lessened, and the organs receiving the diminished supply are consequently weakened.

Physicians generally fail to recognize the importance of this fact, but treat the organ itself instead of the cause of the trouble The noted specialist, Franklin Miles, M. D., LL. B., has given the greater part of his life to the study of this subject, and the principal discoveries concerning it are due to his efforts. Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine, the unrivaled brain and nerve food, is prepared on the principle that all nervous and many other difficulties originate from disorders of the nerve centers. Its wonderful success in curing these disorders is testified to by thousands in every part of the land.

Restorative Nervine cures sleeplessness, nervous prostration, dizziness, hysteria, sexual debility, St. Vitus dance, epilepsy, etc. It is free from opiates or dangerous drugs. It is sold on a positive guarantee by all druggists, or sent direct by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of price, $1 per bottle, six bottles for $5, express prepaid.

You Will . . . . Make No Mistake

IF YOU SEND TO THE

Centre Reporter,

CENTRE HALL,

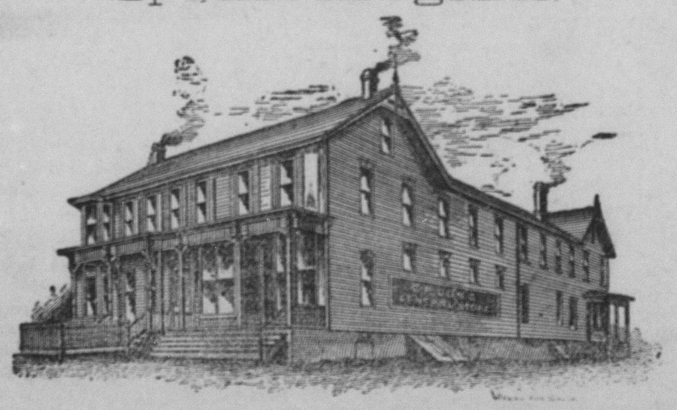
FOR YOUR

Stationary Supplies....

Wedding Invitatlons and Fine Printing.

GRANGE PICNIC

Special Bargains.



Great Stock of Fall & Winter Goods

Save 30 per cent. by purchasing your merchandise of C. P. Long, who has just returned from eastern markets. Of course you will come to the most popular store in Penns Valley, now exhibiting and selling goods consisting of Dry Goods, Blankets, Woolen and Cotton Goods, Shoes and Rubbers, Umbrellas, Clothing, Hats and Caps, Gents' Furnishing Goods such as Underwear, Gloves, Neckwear, and Novelties for the Children. Provisions a specialty, Canned Goods, Confectionary, Bananas, Melons, Sweet Potatoes and Cheese.

SOME OF OUR PRICES.

o——o

Men's Overcoats, $11.50, now 8.75
Boy's Suits, - 2.40, now 1.37
Boy's Suits, - 2.75, now 1.60
Boy's Suits, - 4.00, now 3.00
White Bed Blankets, 70c per pr.
Gray Bed Blankets, 70c per pr.
Good Toweling, - 3 yd. for 10c.
Dress Gingham, - 10c, now 6
Apron Gingham, - 5c and 6c
Specialties in Woolen Goods and and Yarns direct from Factory.
Square Horse Blankets, - 99c.

The Smallest Thing About Our Store.. ...

.....Are the Prices At Which we Sell Goods!

Ladies' Fine Button Shoes, -1.75, now 1.00
Ladies' Fine Button Dress Shoes, 2.50, now 1.90
Ladies' Blucher Shoes, - - 2.40, now 1.75
3lb. Lemon Cakes, - 25c.
3lb. Soda Cakes, - 25c.
3lb. Nic-Nacs, - 25c.
3lb. Ginger Snaps, - 25c.
3lb. Mixed Candy, - 25c.
Frysinger's Latest Cigars, - - 60c. per Box.

C. P. LONG,
Spring Mills, Pa.

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Attorney at Law,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office on second floor of Furst's building, north of Court House. Can be consulted in German and English. 'an87

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BANKS.

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO.,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Receive deposits, Discount notes.
jan92 J. D. SHUGERT, Cashier.

HOTELS.

IRVIN HOUSE,
S. Woods Caldwell, Proprietor,
LOCK HAVEN, PA.
Terms reasonable. Good sample rooms on first floor jan92

BUSH HOUSE,
W. L. Daggett, Proprietor,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Special attention given to country trade. apr90

NEW GARMAN HOUSE,
Opposite Court House,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
New building, new furniture throughout, steam heat, electric bells and all modern improvements. Good table and moderate charges.

SPRING MILLS HOTEL,
D. H. Ruhl, Proprietor,
SPRING MILLS, PA.
Free bus to and from all trains.

NEW BROCKERHOFF HOUSE,
J. M. Neubaner Proprietor,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Free bus to and from all trains. Good sample rooms on first floor. Special rates to witnesses and jurors.

OLD FORT HOTEL,
EDWIN RUHL, Proprietor.
This old and well known house has been newly furnished throughout. Accommodations first-class and rates reasonable. Private parties can have special accommodation. ap94tf

ABS. HARTER,
AUCTIONEER.
MILLHEIM, PA

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEG

LOCATED IN ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND HEALTHFUL SPOTS IN THE ALLEGHENY REGION; UNDENOMINATIONAL; OPEN TO BOTH SEXES; TUITION FREE; BOARD AND OTHER EXPENSES VERY LOW. NEW BUILDINS AND EQUIPMENT.

LEADING DEPARTMENTS OF STUDY.

1. AGRICULTURE (*Three Courses.*) and AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY; with constant illustrations on the Farm and in the Laboratory.
2. BOTANY and HORTICULTURE; theoretical and practical. Students taught original study with the microscope.
3. CHEMISTRY; with an unusually full and thorough course in the Laboratory.
4. {CIVIL ENGINEERING, / ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING; / MECHHNICAL ENGINEERING;} These courses are accompanied with very extensive practical exercises in the Field, the Shop, and the Laboratory.
5. HISTORY; Ancient and Modern, with original investigation.
6. INDUSTRIAL ART AND DESIGN
7. LADIES' COURSE IN LITERATURE and SCIENCE; Two years. Ample facilities for Music, vocal and instrumental.
8. LANGUAGE and LITERATURE; Latin (optional,) French, German and English (required,) one or more continued through the entire course.
9. MATHEMATICS and ASTRONOMY; pure and applied.
10. MECHANIC ARTS; combining shop work with study, three years' course; New building and equipment.
11. MENTAL, MORAL and POLITICAL SCIENCE; Constitutional Law and History Political Economy, etc.
12. MILITARY SCIENCE; instruction theoretical and practical, including each arm of the service.
13. PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT; Two years—carefully graded and thorough.

Fall term opens Sept. 14, 1892. Examinations for admission June 16 and Sept. 13. Commencement week June 12-15, 1892. For Catalogue or other information, address

GEO. W. ATHERTON, LL.D., Prest,
State College, Centre Co., Pa

I HAVE HAD THE

EXPERIENCE

AND YOU CAN HAVE THE

BENEFIT OF IT.

o —— o

I have been in the Carriage-making Business in Mifflin county since 1858, and continuously at Yeagertown for 33 years. I know how to build vehicles in the most durable manner, of best material and in all styles. I have a larger stock of Buggies, Spring Wagons and Carriages on hand than I ever had since I have been in the business, and I will sell them at reasonable prices to suit these times. Vehicles made to order and repairing done in the best manner.

Give me a call and I will save you money. H. PHILLIPS,
Yeagertown, Pa.
Livery Stable attached. May19-6m

PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Division and Northern Central Railway.

Time Table, in effect May 27, 1894.

TRAINS LEAVE MONTANDON, EASTWARD.

9.18 a. m.—Train 14. (Daily except Sunday For Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Hazleton, Pottsville Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 3.00 p. m., New York, 5.53 p. m., Baltimore, 3.10 p. m., Washington, 4.30 p. m. connecting at Philadelphia for all sea-shore points. Through passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore. Parlor cars to Philadelphia.

1.35 p. m.—Train 8. (Daily except Sunday.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 6.50 p. m., New York. 9.38 p. m., Baltimore, 6.45 p. m., Washington at 7.50 p. m. Parlor car through to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

5.01 p. m.—Train 12. [Daily except Sunday.] For Wilkesbarre, Hazleton, Pottsville Harrisburg and intermediate points, arriving at Philadelphia 11.15 p m., New York 3.53 a. m., Baltimore 10.40 p. m. Passenger coaches to Wilkesbarre and Philadelphia.

7.57 p. m.—Train 6. (Daily.) For Sunbury Harrisburg and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 4.30 a. m., New York at 7.53 a m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7.00 a. m.

1.29 a. m.—Train 4. (Daily.) For Sunbury Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving a Philadelphia at 6.50 a. m., New York, 9.33 a. m. week days, 10.35 a. m. Sunday, Baltimore, 6.25 a. m., Washington, 7.40, a m. Pullman sleeping cars to Philadelphia and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

5.37 a. m.—Train 3. (Daily) For Erie and Canandaigua and intermediate stations, Rochester Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through Pullman cars and passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester.

10.17.—Train 15. (Daily) For Lock Haven and intermediate stations.

1.56 p. m.—Train 11. (Daily except Sunday. For Kane, Canandaigua and intermediate stations Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester, and Parlor car to Rochester.

6.04 p. m.—Train 1. (Daily except Sunday.) For Renovo, Elmira and intermediate stations.

9.45 p. m.—Train 13. (Daily except Sunday) For Williamsport and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR MONTANDON FROM EAST AND SOUTH.

Train 15 leaves New York 12.15 night, Philadelphia 4.30 a m, Baltimore 4.40 a m, Harrisburg 8.15 a m, daily, Wilkesbarre, 7.25 a. m. Daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon 10.17 a m

Train 11 leaves Philadelphia 8.50 a m, Washington 7.50 a m, Baltimore 8.45 a m, Wilkesbarre 10.15 a m, (Daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon 1.56 p m, with parlor car from Philadelphia and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Train 1 leaves New York 9.30 a m, Phila., 12.25 p m; Washington at 10.30 a m, Baltimore at 12.25 m, Wilkesbarre 3.12 p m, arriving at Montandon at 6.04 p m, week days, with through passenger coaches from Phila. and Baltimore.

Train 13 leaves New York 2.10 p m, week days, 2.00 p. m Sunday, Philadelphia 4.40 p m, week days, 4.30 p. m., Sundays, Washington 3.15 p m, Baltimore 4.12 p m, arriving at Montandon 9.45 p m. Through Parlor Car and passenger coach from Philadelphia.

Train 3 leaves New York at 8.00 p m, Philad 11.20 p m, Washington 10.40 p m, Baltimore, 11.40 p m, (daily) arriving at Montandon at 5.37 a m, with through Pullman sleeping cars from Phila., Washington and Baltimore and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

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Daily Except Sunday.

Westward. P M	P.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	Eastward. A M	P.M.	P M
1 58		5 40	Montandon	9 10		4 55
2 08		6 15	Lewisburg	9 00		4 47
2 17		6 23	Biehl	8 52		4 39
2 22		6 28	Vicksburg	8 47		4 35
2 31		6 37	Mifflinburg	8 38		4 27
2 43		6 50	Millmont	8 25		4 15
2 51		6 58	Glen Iron	8 17		4 07
3 30		7 27	Paddy Mountain	7 48		3 40
3 30		7 38	Coburn	7 38		3 30
3 37		7 45	Zerby	7 30		3 23
3 47		7 55	Rising Spring	7 21		3 14
3 53		8 02	Penn Cave	7 14		3 07
4 01		8 09	Centre Hall	7 06		3 01
4 07		8 16	Gregg	7 00		2 54
4 13		8 23	Linden Hall	6 52		2 47
4 18		8 28	Oak Hall	6 47		2 42
4 22		8 32	Lemont	6 43		2 37
4 27		8 37	Dale Summit	6 38		2 33
4 37		8 47	Pleasant Gap	6 28		2 23
4 40		8 50	Axemann	6 25		2 20
4 45		8 55	Bellefonte	6 20		2 1

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 10.00 a m, 1.20, 5 50 and 7.40 p m. turning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 a m. 10.29 a m. 5 02 p m, 6.06 p m, and 8 00 p m on Sundays trains leave montandon 10.18 a. m., and 7.58 p. m., returning leave Lewisburg 10.20 a. m. and 8.00 p. m.

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HE EMPLOYS WOMEN.

GOOD WORK DONE AT EDISON'S BY NIMBLE FINGERS.

Plenty of Delicate Work at Which Women Earn Very Good Wages--Sketches of Girls at Work.

The train slowed up and entered Orange so easily and quietly that I sat still, never dreaming we were there yet. I awaited the accustomed tooting and snorting of the engine, halloing and yelling by the brakemen, the pushing of people behind to get out before the one ahead, and the sudden stop of the car, for which one braces his feet in expectancy.

"This is Orange, madam," said the brakeman mildly, and I hurried forward, all in a flutter to hail a boy who stood gazing sleepily at the train.

"Say, young man, tell me quick if Edison's laboratory is here." He looked startled, batted his eyes and stared at me. "Hurry, won't you, because I must take this train if it is at the next station,"

WINDING AND COVERING SPOOLS.

"I'll wait for you," said the conductor, as he swung himself carelessly around one of the posts that held up the wide veranda. "Don't you know, young man, whether Edison's headquarters are here or further on?"

"Why, yes, sir; the laboratory and kinetographic departments are all here." Without any hurry or ruffled manner the conductor waved his hand, and the train silently moved out, the boy turned on his heel and disappeared.

Catching my breath and saying, "Down brakes, young woman, you are going too fast for this place," I turned to an old man who sleepily gazed at me and asked the quickest way to the laboratory.

Drowsily he pointed to an electric car that was coming up the street a block away. "That will take you to the door," he said.

The one long main street and cross street near were full of people, but nobody talked. Though the sun was beaming down with fierce heat, no one seemed uncomfortably hot in Orange. Some one was blowing a cornet in a room over a grocery store. The melody floated out in sweet, low, clear notes that, instead of jarring one's nerves, set everyone to thinking. The cars travelled along without making the accustomed clatter and whizzing of city cars, and people took their time getting on and off. The conductor read a newspaper and seemed so comfortable I wondered if it was right to disturb him and tell him where I wanted to get off.

Groups of men lounged about the corner stores; some were thoughtfully chewing tobacco, others whittled and three were reading the morning papers. A man came out of a butcher shop, threw into a buggy a sack of meat, and, taking up the reins, drove away without even saying "get up" to his drooping horse.

A peculiar restful feeling came over me and I wondered if people did not live twice as long in Orange as they did in the city—I felt that I had been going 200 miles an hour, and was suddenly brought down to ten. What relief it was and how oddly my muscles relaxed; how dreadfully tired I was—strange I had not realized it before.

"The laboratory!" called the conductor. "Take your time; don't hurry." Ah, yes, I had forgotten again, for, with a rush, I had left a bundle, dropped my parasol and lead pencil, all of which the conductor slowly picked up and handed to me.

So still! surely I am in the wrong place. There cannot be hundreds of men and women working here. Ding, sounded the bell, in answer to my pressing the electric button on the outside of the immense gate that separated me from the great buildings in the inclosure.

"Here, Bob, take this lady down to Superintendent Young; she wants to see the girls at work," said a pleasant man in the laboratory. "Never mind putting on your hat—the sun won't hurt you."

The bare-headed, black-eyed boy hid his hands in his trousers pockets and sauntered smilingly beside me.

"We have a half holiday to-day and you'll see the hands goin' out pretty soon," was the startling information he gave me.

"Come, then, let us hurry," I muttered, hastening on, but that boy never changed his pace, nor ceased his sunshiny smiling. Through necessity I lagged, and fell into the regular, easy swagger of my guide.

"Yes, we employ women here," said Supt. Young. "We like women in all work that is not too heavy for them. Their fingers are so nimble and their work always neat. Mr. Edison favors women whenever he has work they can do. I will take you into the machine department. The number of girls we employ of course depends wholly on the amount of work to do."

There was the same quiet atmosphere about the superintendent and the machine shop that I had felt surrounded the depot. Mr. Young, in a few quiet words, drew the attention of all the workers to him, and in a mysterious and masterly way gave orders, changed orders and kept an eye on everything. There was no bustle, no uneasiness; no loud and irritating words were heard and no discontent made manifest during the visit. Everything had the "press-the-button" effect. All one had to do was to express a wish and it was granted quietly and easily.

The long, airy and sunny buildings were filled with mysterious machinery, and the girls at the benches, without exception, met me with a happy smile and courteous manner.

"We ought to be happy," said a young woman they called Ella; "don't we have everything to be glad about? I like the work immensely and make a lot of money. The work is not difficult, once learned, and one has great satisfaction in becoming an expert in anything. How did I know how? Why, I had a teacher, of course, at first. I had to learn the trade as boys do who go in machine shops. I thought I ought to be able to do the work. There is no heavy lifting in my duties; everything depends on judgment and deftness. I applied and learned, and have been in Mr. Edison's employ for years and hope I always shall be as long as there is work to do.

"I make brushes," she continued, rising to show me just what she did. "See. I first unwind the wire from the spools, straighten it, then cut it with this implement into one-half inch lengths. Next comes the soldering. That is done this way." She heated a rod by the aid of a gas jet arranged for the purpose, and when hot enough, the wires were all soldered tight into place.

"This kind of brush is called a governor; I can make two hundred in one day. These larger ones are known as commutators, and are twice as large as the governors, consequently I make only half as many in a day.

ELLA, THE EXPERT BRUSH MAKER.

Ella is a plump, round-faced young woman with clear, frank eyes that look straight at you. Her heavy brown hair showed care and neatness. Her quick business movements denoted thorough understanding of her work, and her pleasant manner and particularly bright smile explained why she was such a favorite in the workroom.

At another bench, where the cool breezes always circled, sat girls making belts. Cheerfulness, calm gayety and content seemed the greatest virtues of the hands in this room.

"It is pleasant work, very," explained Ella, a tall, willowy girl, whose naturally serious face lighted wonderfully when she spoke. "I make belts for the phonographs from morning till night. Yes, I do piece work, but don't mind stopping to show you. First, I take the hide—we get a whole calfskin, dressed of course—and then I cut it into strips just the length and width I wish. Oh, I don't have any trouble, for the knives are so very sharp. Now, look. I stretch them with the machine; then I shave the ends, so, and place them together like this—lapping one shaved end over the other—then glue it fast. Now comes the pretty part. Sometimes I take blue silk thread, and sometimes red, but the belts must be sewed four times around. I can do it awfully fast, and get it straight as a die."

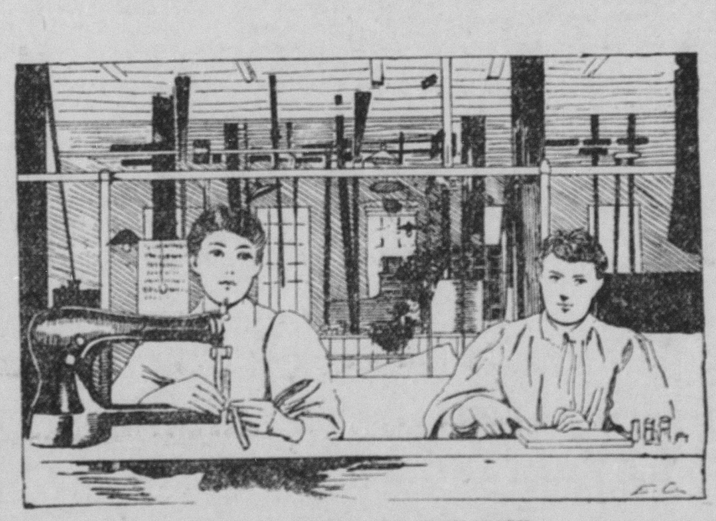
"I suppose that is to make the belts look fancy."

"Oh dear, no." My stupid remark was heard far and wide, and I had to submit to a general ha, ha, from all the pretty lips in the room.

"I scarcely think Mr. Edison would pay us to do embroidery work, do you, girls? No; there is a reason for the stitching; it keeps the belts from stretching."

"Do you have any trouble with your sewing machine?"

"Never. It is run by electricity, and it doesn't tire me. We work ten hours a day, but it is so very pleasant for us here that we would much rather work than not."



MAKING BANDS FOR THE PHONOGRAPH.

She sat down to the machine and in what seemed a very few minutes had completed one of the dainty blue silk stitched belts.

Superintendent Young suggested going into the Japan room. A sweet-faced girl called Carrie handles with great dexterity the brush in doing the Japanning. All the machines are Japanned, and a lot of other things—work that only the nimble fingers of women can execute swiftly.

"There is no use talking," said the superintendent, "woman can do many things better than men. Mr. Edison favors their employ purely from a business standpoint. When we were working on the dolls we had over 200 girls employed. The machines were so arranged that when the girls spoke through them the voice was reproduced like that of a child. Ella over there was invaluable, her enunciation is so distinct."

We entered the assembling room, which was, if anything, cooler than the machine shops. Wide doors and windows were stretched open; partitions were cut through so the breeze could have a full sweep along the whole length of the building. Everything was made with a view to comfort as well as business. "The more comfortable we can make the workmen, the better work they turn out," said the superintendent.

At one table just below a window through which the perfume of cut grass came pouring in, sat two young women making their fingers fly so rapidly that it was impossible to understand what they were doing without stopping to explain.

A fresh, rosy face, blue eyes, large and merry, long lashes and the curliest, golden-brown hair that ever covered a head, belonged to Maggie, who from seven in the morning till 6 at night, winds armatures.

"No, I don't get very tired," she replied to my question. At first it was bothersome, and I had to get used to sitting and holding the wire, but now I can wind five armatures a day. There are 700 yards on each. That makes a lot of the wire go through your hands during the ten hours work. We have to be so very careful too, to get each round just so."

"Is there no machinery that could do this?"

"Mr. Young says it could be done by machinery, but it would cost more than by having it done by hand, and I am rather glad of that, because machinery would throw me out of employment."

"Do you work by the day or by the piece?"

"By the week just now, but next Monday we commence by the piece. I like piece work better, because we can make more. Mr. Young is a remarkably kind and considerate man. We all like him. He never forgets what we are doing—he never fails to know whether we ought to be extra weary or not. He never overworks or is unkind. We would do anything for him."

"Do you make much money at such employment?"

"Oh, yes; quite enough. The wages range from $3 up. Ella over there for a while made $18 a week on piecework. An expert at her bench can accomplish much. One has to learn the trade before being able to do anything. It does not seem difficult to wind these spools, yet every thread must be just so, or the whole thing is useless. One act of carelessness might undo a whole day's work."

"What are you doing?" I inquired of a fair, sunny-haired girl opposite at the same table.

"Covering spools for the kinetograph. The spools are brass, and must be covered with velvet. It is easy after you once know how," she said, and raising her head exposed to my admiring gaze the curliest "bang" I had seen in weeks.

"Of course, I would like to know all about the spools," I remarked, "but first tell me where you get such a perfect false "bang." It matches your hair so beautifully, and the curls are simply bewitching."

Such ripples of laughter, such dancing of eyes, such howls of delight as filled the room again proved I had blundered.

"Pull it," said the girl, bending forward her sunny head. "It is mine, all natural and fast tight."

"I suppose you have some understanding with your mysterious electricity, then, to keep it in such marvellous curl," I cried dumbfounded, as I mopped the perspiration from my own brow and face. More laughter and saucy remarks, full of appreciation of the subject, drove me finally into another department.

"We live, most all of us, in Orange," said Ella; "some come from Newark, a few from East Orange, and the small villages about. There are few girls on duty these hot days—work is slack, and there is no need for them. We consider ourselves very fortunate to be included in the few retained. This time last year there were sixty of us, and once we numbered over 200. Mr. Edison never gives the men what we can do. When that kind comes in, then women are called to do it. Oh, please say something nice about Superintendent Young," exclaimed one, "he is such a good man; we could talk all day about how kind the officials are to us."—[Cynthia M. Westover in the N. Y. Recorder.

He Paid Millet's Bills.

M. Ziem, the Paris painter, relates a story of the brother of the present President of the French Republic, and Corot, the artist. M. Casimir-Perier, jr., was an intimate friend of Carot. On a visit which he made to the great artist in 1875, in his home at Verdizon, in the forest of Fontainebleau, he found Corot putting the last touches on his "Biblis" ("Nymphs in the Forest at Sundown.") The masterpiece filled Casimir-Perier with enthusiasm, and he begged the artist to sell it to him.

"I'll give you my canvas," replied Corot, "on one condition—that you pay the butcher and baker bills of my friend Millet."

"Taken," answered the wealthy Frenchman.

In Chailly, where Millet lived, the butcher and baker were asked to make out their bills and send them to M. Casimir-Perier. The art-lover was somewhat surprised when he found that Millet had lived on credit for twelve years, and that the bills amounted respectively to 22,000 and 24,000 francs, over $9,000. M. Perier paid the bills according to agreement, and carried home the Corot. The price at that time was considered enormous, as the purchaser could have bought the painting in the market for about 1,500 francs, less than $400. The bargain, however, after all was a good one, as the picture today, it is estimated, is worth about $30,000. It is still in possession of the Casimir-Perier family.—[New York Tribune.

ACCORDING to an old English ballad he that wooes a maid must come seldom to her sight, but he that wooes a widow must woo her day and night. The suggestion is not warranted, but it is given for what it is worth at the experimenter's risk.

Tenier's pictures of peasant life have never been excelled.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Truthful Johnny--No Bias--Foiled Again--Slightly Absent-Minded--His Landlady, Etc., Etc.

TRUTHFUL JOHNNY.

"Johnny," said the lad's father, "where have you been? Your head's wet."

"Is it?" exclaimed the boy, his cheerful expression vanishing.

"It certainly is. And your hands and face are cleaner than they have been for a week."

"Well, I jes' washed 'em."

"And that isn't your shirt you are wearing."

"Father," said the boy, "the beautiful story of George Washington which you and mother have so oft related to me sank deep in my heart. I have heeded the lesson. Father, I cannot tell a lie. I have been in swimming."—[Detroit Free Press.

NO BIAS.

Johnson—I have been chosen as arbitrator in the matter of those labor troubles on the X. Y. and Z. road.

Thompson—Why, you are a stockholder in that road.

Johnson—That's just it. Everybody wanted a disinterested party, and the stockholders haven't received a dividend in fifteen years.

FOILED AGAIN.

"Where are you going my pretty maid?"
"Digging for clams, kind sir," she said.
"Can I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"But you're already dug," she said.
—[Puck.

SLIGHTLY ABSENT-MINDED.

A well-known Oxford professor of mathematics is so completely absorbed in his profession that he is becoming more and more absent-minded every day. One day recently he remarked to one of the students:

"Something very stupid happened to me the other morning—I believe I am becoming a little absent minded."

"What is it?"

"You see, I wanted to take my wife out for a drive and give her some fresh air, and, when I came to think over it, I remembered that I never had a wife."

HIS LANDLADY.

I am weeping all alone,
Sweet Marie;
And my heart is like a stone,
Sweet Marie;
For I cannot pay a cent
On my lodging or my rent,
Though you've sent and sent and sent
Bills to me,
Sweet Marie.

WHAT HE LEARNED AT COLLEGE.

"Well, Uncle Silas, your boy is home from college, I see."

"Yes," growled the old man.

"Has he learned anything?"

"More'n I ever could," said the old man. "He's learned how to smoke cigarettes."

ONE HAPPY HOME.

Customer—I want a quarter's worth of Paris green to kill rats.

Useful Clerk—Does anybody in your house sing "Two Little Girls in Blue?"

"No."

"Then I guess I'll let you have it."—[Texas Siftings.

ONLY A DREAM.

"Here is some money, my love," said the husband.

"I don't want any," replied the wife.

"Come now, darling, take this fifty-dollar bill and go shopping."

"Thank you, dearest; but I really don't care to; I would rather stay at home and help the hired girl."

Then the husband awoke and found, as the reader has already suspected, that he had been dreaming.—[Boston Courier.

TURNED.

Her voice was full of laughter
And her eyes were merry, too,
But when she went into the surf
They say she got quite blue.
—[Life.

A REPORT OF THE SERMON.

Grandpa—Well, Willie, you have been to church, haven't you?

Willie—Yes, sir.

Grandpa—Well, what can you tell us about it?

Willie—Why, sir, the man that sat in front of us had ears that wasn't alike.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

THAT TIRED FEELING.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, as she threw herself into a chair upon reaching home, "I am almost tired to death."

"What is the matter, love? Where have you been?" asked her husband.

"I've been shopping all day long."

"Shopping? And what did you buy?"

"Oh, I didn't buy anything. I only went to see the styles and get the prices."—[Texas Siftings.

THE GIRL'S OWN.

"Has your daughter really been studying to fit herself for college next year?"

Mother—Yes; she's read nothing but fashion books the whole summer.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

BITTER LOGIC.

Small Boy (in fish market)—Have you any dry fish?

Fisherman—Yes, sonnie.

Small Boy—Well, give them a drink then.

NOT A MAN OF HIS WORD.

"He said he would die if I refused him."

"And did he?"

"No; I saw him at the picnic yesterday."

POOR SHOW AT PRESENT.

"Well," said the moody philosopher, "this world ain't anything but a fleeting show, anyhow."

"That's so," said the chronic pessimist. "An' jes' at present the performance is a mighty doggone poor one."

IT DIDN'T WORK.

She—Doctor, what do you do when you have a cold?

Doctor—Sneeze, madame!

She—Oh, but I mean what do you take?

Doctor—An extra handkerchief.—[Truth.

FRIENDSHIP'S TEST.

Willis—Is the man who gave you that cigar a friend of yours?

Wallace—I don't know. I haven't smoked it yet.—[Judge.

THE FIRST FACT AT HAND.

The lady witness had become quite picturesque in her testimony, and the attorney had called her down in a way that had made her mad all over.

"Confine yourself to facts, if you please, Madam," he said in conclusion.

"Very well," she replied, tartly; "you are no gentleman. How does that strike you?"—[Detroit Free Press.

A PRETTY STATE OF THINGS.

"Well," said one apple to another, "are you going to vote?"

"No," replied the other, "I'm pared."

MOUSTACHE FIRST.

She—Do you think of me as much as you did?

Cholly—No, not quite. I'm raising a moustache now.—[Life.

NEVER MORE.

The youth stood on the burning deck
And smiled as in a dream,
For all about he heard girls say,
"Come treat us to ice-cream."
—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

HALF INSURANCE.

"I wonder if I couldn't collect at least half of the insurance on my wife," remarked Col. Percy Yerger to his friend, Major Witherspoon, as they were sipping their mint juleps in an Austin saloon.

"Why, is your wife dead?" asked the friend.

"Well, not exactly. But every night when I come home late she says she is half dead with fright and anxiety. It seems to me that in law and equity I could collect half the insurance money."—[Texas Siftings.

OH, WHAT A DIFFERENCE.

He—Marriage is a lottery, to be sure, but there's a difference between the ordinary lottery and marriage.

She—Why, of course there is.

"Yes; in the ordinary lottery a man has to give up his money before he takes his chances; in marriage he doesn't give up until afterward."—[Yonkers Statesman.

WOULD EAT THEM HIMSELF.

Schoolmaster—Now, my boy, if you sold 3,000 cabbages at five cents apiece, how much would that be?

Boy (puzzled)—Don't know, sir.

Schoolmaster—But suppose, now, you kept a shop and sold those cabbages at five cents each, what would they come to?

Boy (thinking he sees a way out of the difficulty)—Shouldn't sell them at five cents; should sell them at one cent.

Schoolmaster—But that would not pay you.

Boy (triumphantly)—Then I'd sell 'em at ten cents.

Schoolmaster—But they would not fetch ten cents.

Boy (now rendered desperate)—Then I'd eat 'em myself.—[New York Recorder.

A TERRIBLE EXAMPLE.

"Beautiful scenery here, is it not?" asked the young man of a solitary traveler whom he found pacing along the seashore.

"Well, no," replied the stranger, "I can't agree with you. I think the ocean is too small. It is no such ocean as my mother used to have."

"Your mother's ocean was superior, then?"

"Oh, yes; vastly superior. What tumbling breakers! What a magnificent sweep of view! What amplitudes of distance! What fishing there was in my mother's ocean!"

"But the sky is magnificent here, is it not, sir?"

"Too low and too narrow across the top," replied the stranger.

"I hadn't noticed," said the young man.

"Yes," said the stranger, "it is too low, and there ain't air enough in it, either. Besides, it doesn't sit plumb over the earth. It is wider from north to south than it is from west to east. I call it a pretty poor sky. It is no such sky as my mother used to have.

"Pardon me, but did your mother have a special sky and ocean of her own?"

Here an old resident came up and drew the young man aside.

"Don't talk with him," said the old resident. "He is a hopeless lunatic. He is a man who always used to tell his wife about 'the biscuits my mother used to make,' 'my mother's pies,' 'my mother's puddings,' and 'my mother's plumb-cakes.' The habit grew on him so much that he became a confirmed lunatic, and now he does nothing but compare everything he sees with the same things his mother used to have."

Do Bees Eat Fruit?

Are not bees injurious to sound, ripe fruit? Do they not damage sound fruit in years of honey scarcity? During the fall of 1879 there was a great complaint made of the bees on that score, in this vicinity, especially in the matter of grapes. These complaints induced us to make careful experiments on the matter, and I ascertained and will say now, not that I believe that bees cannot injure sound fruit, but that I know that they may be starved to death upon it.

Some four or five years ago, a doubt of this assertion having been expressed in our public high school on this question, by the lady principal of the school, I offered to make a public test of this matter before the pupils, and this offer was accepted. The bees were attracted from neighboring hives to a table in the school yard, and damaged fruit offered them. After they got fairly to work upon it, the damaged fruit was removed and sound fruit put in its place, and in the course of fifteen minutes the bees had all abandoned the spot. I earnestly request those who doubt my assertion on this question to make such a test for themselves. It is not difficult and is conclusive.

Most of the damage charged to bees is done by birds ants, wasps, and hornets do their share, but as the little honey-bee sometimes gathers the remnants so nothing may be lost, she is often accused as the leading perpetrator of the offense.—Bee Journal.

Qualified to Speak.

"Now, then, who is the plaintiff in this case?" asked his Honor, as a case was called. No reply. "I ask who is the plaintiff in this case?" continued the court.

"I don't know anything about plaintiffs," replied a man in the corner, as he slowly rose, "but if you are asking for the chap who was chased a mile and a half, and then mopped all over his own barnyard by two desperadoes, I'm your man."

$5,000,000 Tobacco Bill Saved.

CHICAGO, September 8.—[Special.]—The Chicago Inter-Ocean's Illustrated Supplement, describing the great success and merit of No-To-Bac, has made it famous in a day.

Mr. H. L. Kramer, the active man, was seen to-day at his office, 45 Randolph street, and in talking of No-To-Bac's growth, said it was hard work to keep up with the rapidly increasing demand, as every box sold advertised No-To-Bac's merit.

He said: "No-To-Bac is not sold on the strength of the thousands and tens of thousands of testimonial statements, but under an absolute guarantee to cure or money refunded." That made a long story about merit very short, as it absolutely protects the user from physical injury or financial loss. "Why," said he, "No-To-Bac will make 100,000 cures this year, and the saving will average $50.00 for every one cured, or a grand total of $5,000,000 saved from going up in smoke and out in spit." No-To-Bac, is indeed, a God-send to the poor man these hard times. According to the testimonials, however, the money saving is the least consideration, for almost everyone reports an improvement of the nervous system, increase in weight, and a revival of physical and mental powers that is indeed miraculous.

Prominent physicians look upon No-To-Bac as a great success, and are very free to prescribe it.

Every wholesale drug house in this country and Canada sells No-To-Bac, and the retail druggists are pushed to supply the demands of customers; the direct mail demand is immense.

The cost of No-To-Bac compared with the results is a small matter, as the saving in a week pays the cost of a cure for a lifetime. No-To-Bac is sold for $1 a box, or three boxes, $2.50, with a guarantee to cure, or money refunded.

A few extra copies of the Inter-Ocean Supplement (eight pages) illustrated in five colors, have been secured and will be mailed for the asking, by addressing the Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago office, 45 Randolph street; New York office, 10 Spruce street; Laboratory, Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind

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One of the hardest lessons to learn is that we are made out of the same kind of clay as other folks.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

The present is made up of the fragments of the past.

Fine Pictures Free.

Here's good news for any one of our readers who are pinched by the hard times! The Woolson Spice Co., of Toledo, O., are giving away many fine pictures to drinkers of Lion Coffee in exchange for large Lion Heads cut from Lion Coffee wrappers. Besides pictures they also mail valuable books, a knife, game, etc. It surely pays to drink Lion Coffee, which is by far the finest sold for the price, and has a beautiful picture-card in every 1 lb. package. If you haven't an illustrated Premium List, ask your grocer for a copy, or send your name & address to the firm above named.

Man's good opinion of himself is a great stimulant.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

By the sunshine of prosperity many people are sunstruck.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation, 25 cts., 50 cts. $1

A locomotive lasts fifteen years and earns about $300,000.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

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High strung—the suspension bridge.

Headache Dyspepsia Indigestion

are caused by bad blood, and by a run down, worn out condition of the body. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Be sure to get Hood's **Cures**

Hood's Pills are gentle, mild and effective.

REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Rescue."

TEXT: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—Acts xvi., 31.

Jails are dark, dull, damp, loathsome places even now, but they were worse in the apostolic times. I imagine to-day we are standing in the Philippian dungeon. Do you not feel the chill? Do you not hear the groans of those incarcerated ones who for ten years have not seen the sunlight and the deep sigh of women who remember their father's house and mourn over their wasted estates? Listen again. It is the cough of a consumptive or the struggle of one in the nightmare of a great horror. You listen again and hear a culprit, his chains rattling as he rolls over in his dreams, and you say, "God, pity the prisoner!" But there is another sound in that prison. It is the song of joy and gladness. What a place to sing in! The music comes winding through the corridors of the prison, and in all the dark wards the whisper is heard: "What's that? What's that?"

It is the song of Paul and Silas. They cannot sleep. They have been whipped—very badly whipped. The long gashes on their backs are bleeding yet. They lie flat on the cold ground, their feet fast in wooden sockets, and of course they cannot sleep. But they can sing. Jailer, what are you doing with these people? Why have they been put in here? Oh, they have been trying to make the world better. Is that all? That is all. A pit for Joseph. A lion's cave for Daniel. A blazing furnace for Shadrach. Clubs for John Wesley. An anathema for Philipp Melancthon. A dungeon for Paul and Silas.

But while we are standing in the gloom of the Philippian dungeon, and we hear the mingling voices of sob and groan and blasphemy and hallelujah, suddenly an earthquake! The iron bars of the prison twist, the piliars crack off, the solid masonry begins to heave, and all the doors swing open. The jailer, feeling himself responsible for these prisoners and believing, in his pagan ignorance, suicide to be honorable—since Brutus killed himself, and Cato killed himself, and Cassius killed himself—put his sword to his own heart, proposing with one strong, keen thrust to put an end to his excitement and agitation. But Paul cried out: "Stop, stop! Do thyself no harm! We are all here!"

Then I see the jailer running through the dust and amid the ruin of that prison, and I see him throwing himself down at the feet of these prisoners, crying out: "What shall I do? What shall I do?" Did Paul answer: "Get out of this place before there is another earthquake. Put handcuffs and hobbles on these other prisoners lest they get away?" No word of that kind. His compact, thrilling, tremendous answer memorable all through earth and heaven, was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Well, we have all read of the earthquake in Lisbon, in Lima, in Aleppo and in Caracas, but we live in a latitude where in all our memory there has not been one severe volcanic disturbance. And yet we have seen fifty earthquakes. Here is a man who has been building up a large fortune. His bid on the money market was felt in all the cities. He thinks he has got beyond all annoying rivalries in trade, and he says to himself, "Now I am free and safe from all possible perturbation." But in 1857 or in 1873 a national panic strikes the foundation of the commercial world, and crash goes all that magnificent business establishment.

Here is a man who has built up a very beautiful home. His daughters have just come home from the seminary with diplomas of graduation. His sons have started in life, honest, temperate and pure. When the evening lights are struck, there is a happiness and unbroken family circle. But there has been an accident down at Long Branch. The young man ventured too far out in the surf. The telegraph hurled the terror up to the city. An earthquake struck under the foundation of that beautiful home.

The piano closed; the curtains dropped; the laughter hushed. Crash go all those domestic hopes and prospects and expectations. So, my friends, we have all felt the shaking down of some great trouble, and there was a time when we were as much excited as this man of the text, and we cried out as he did: "What shall I do? What shall I do?" The same reply that the apostle made to him is appropriate to us, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

There are some documents of so little importance that you do not care to put any more than your last name under them, or even your initials, but there are some documents of so great importance that you write out your full name. So the Saviour in some parts of the Bible is called "Lord," and in other parts of the Bible He is called "Jesus," and in other parts of the Bible He is called "Christ," but that there might be no mistake about this passage all three names come together—"the Lord Jesus Christ."

Now, who is this being that you want me to trust in and believe in? Men sometimes come to me with credentials and certificates of good character, but I cannot trust them. There is some dishonesty in their looks that makes me know that I shall be cheated if I confide in them. You cannot put your heart's confidence in a man until you know what stuff he is made of, and am I unreasonable when I stop to ask you who this is that you want me to trust in? No man would think of venturing his life on a vessel going out to sea that had never been inspected.

No; you must have the certificate hung amidships, telling how many tons it carries, and how long ago it was built, and who built it, and all about it. And you cannot expect me to risk the cargo of my immortal interests on board any craft till you tell me what it is made of, and where it was made, and what it is.

When, then, I ask you who this is you want me to trust in, you tell me He is a very attractive person. Contemporary writers describe His whole appearance as being resplendent. There was no need for Christ to tell the children to come to Him. "Suffer little children to come unto Me" was not spoken to the children. It was spoken to the disciples. The children came readily enough without any invitation. No sooner did Jesus appear than the little ones jumped from their mothers' arms, an avalanche of beauty and love, into His lap. Christ did not ask John to put his head down on His bosom. John could not help but put his head there. I suppose a look at Christ was just to love Him. How attractive His manner! Why, when they saw Christ coming along the street, they ran into their houses, and they wrapped up their invalids as quick as they could and brought them out that He might look at them. Oh, there was something so pleasant, so inviting, so cheering in everything He did, in His very look! When these sick ones were brought out, did He say: "Do not bring before Me those sores. Do not trouble Me with these leprosies?" No, no; there was a kind look; there was a gentle word; there was a healing touch. They could not keep away from Him.

"I think there are many under the influence of the Spirit of God who are saying, "I will trust Him if you will only tell me how." And the great question asked by many is, "How, how?" And while I answer your question I look up and utter the prayer which Rowland Hill so often uttered in the midst of his sermons, "Master, help!" How are you to trust in Christ?

Just as you trust any one. You trust your partner in business with important things. If a commercial house gives you a note payable three months hence, you expect the payment of that note at the end of three months. You have perfect confidence in their word and in their ability. Or, again, you go home to-day. You expect there will be food on the table. You have confidence in that. Now, I ask you to have the same confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ. He says, "You believe; I take away your sins," and they are all taken away. "What!" you say, "before I pray any more? Before I read my Bible any more? Before I cry over my sins any more?" Yes, this moment. Believe with all your heart, and you are saved. Why, Christ is only waiting to get from you what you give to scores of people every day. What is that? Confidence. If these people whom you trust day by day are more worthy than Christ, if they are more faithful than Christ, if they have done more than Christ ever did, then give them the preference, but if you really think that Christ is as trustworthy as they are then deal with Him as fairly.

"Oh," says some one in a light way, "I believe that Christ was born in Bethlehem, and I believe that He died on the cross." Do you believe it with your head or your heart? I will illustrate the difference. You are in your own house. In the morning you open a newspaper, and you read how Captain Braveheart on the sea risked his life for the salvation of his passengers. You say: "What a grand fellow he must have been! His family deserves very well of the country." You fold the newspaper and sit down at the table and perhaps do not think of that incident again. That is historical faith.

But now you are on the sea, and it is night and you are asleep, and you are awakened by the shriek of "Fire!" You rush out on the deck. You hear, amid the wringing of the hands and the fainting, the cry: "No hope, no hope! We are lost, we are lost!" The sail puts out its wing of fire, the robes make a burning ladder in the night heavens, the spirit of wrecks hisses in the waves, and on the hurricane decks shakes out its banner of smoke and darkness. "Down with the lifeboats!" cried the captain. "Down with the lifeboats!" People rush into them. The boats are about full. Room for only one more man. You are standing on the deck beside the captain.

Who shall it be? You or the captain? The captain says, "You." You jump and are saved. He stands there and dies. Now, you believe that Captain Braveheart sacrificed himself for his passengers, but you believe it with love, with tears, with hot and long continued exclamations, with grief at his loss and joy at your deliverance. That is saving faith—in other words, what you believe with all the heart and believe in regard to yourself. On this hinge turns my sermon—aye, the salvation of your immortal soul. You often go across a bridge you know nothing about. You do not know who built the bridge, you do not know what material it is made of, but you come to it and walk over it and ask no questions. And here is an arched bridge blasted from the "Rock of Ages" and built by the Architect of the whole universe, spanning the dark gulf between sin and righteousness, and all God asks you is to walk across it, and you start, and you come to it, and you stop, and you go a little way on, and you stop, and you fall back, and you experiment. You say, "How do I know that bridge will hold me?" Instead of marching on with firm step, asking no questions, but feeling that the strength of the eternal God is under you.

Oh, was there ever a prize proffered so cheap as pardon and heaven are offered to you? For how much? A million dollars? It is certainly worth more than that. But cheaper than that you can have it. Ten thousand dollars? Less than that. Five thousand dollars? Less than that. One dollar? Less than that. One farthing? Less than that. "Without money and without price." No money to pay. No journey to take. No penance to suffer. Only just one decisive action of the soul, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Shall I try to tell you what it is to be saved? I cannot tell you. No man, no angel, can tell you. But I can hint at it, for my text brings me up to this point. "Thou shalt be saved." It means a happy life here, and a peaceful death, and a blissful eternity. It is a grand thing to go to sleep at night, and to get up in the morning, and to do business all day feeling that all is right between my heart and God. No accident, no sickness, no persecution, no peril, no sword, can do me any permanent damage. I am a forgiven child of God, and He is bound to see me through. He has sworn He will see me through. The mountains may depart, the earth may burn, the light of the stars may be blown out by the blast of the judgment hurricane, but life and death, things present and things to come, are mine. Yea, further than that, it means a peaceful death. Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Sigourney, Dr. Young and almost all the poets have said handsome things about death. There is nothing beautiful about it. When we stand by the white and rigid features of those whom we love, and they give no answering pressure of the hand and no returning kiss of the lip, we do not want anybody poetizing round about us. Death is loathsomeness and midnight and the wringing of the heart until the tendrils snap and curl in the torture unless Christ shall be with us. I confess to you an infinite fear, a consuming horror of death unless Christ shall be with me. I would rather go down into a cave of wild beasts or a jungle of reptiles than into the grave unless Christ goes with me. Will you tell me that I am to be carried out from my bright home and put away in the darkness? I cannot bear darkness. At the first coming of the evening I must have the gas lighted, and the farther on in life I get the more I like to have my friends round about me.

And am I to be put off for thousands of years in a dark place, with no one to speak to? When the holidays come and the gifts are distributed, shall I add no joy to the "Merry Christmas" or the "Happy New Year?" Ah, do not point down to the hole in the ground, the grave, and call it a beautiful place. Unless there be some supernatural illumination I shudder back from it. My whole nature revolts at it. But now this glorious lamp is lifted above the grave, and all the darkness is gone, and the way is clear. I look into it now without a single shudder. Now my anxiety is not about death; my anxiety is that I may live aright.

What power is there in anything to enfill me in the last hour if Christ wraps around me the skirt of His own garment? What darkness can fall upon my eyelids then, amid the heavenly daybreak? O death, I will not fear thee then. Back to thy cavern of darkness, thou robber of all the earth. Fly, thou despoiler of families. With this battleax I hew thee in twain from helmet to sandal, the voice of Christ sounding all over the earth and through the heavens: "O death, I will be thy plague. O grave, I will be thy destruction."

To be saved is to wake up in the presence of Christ. You know when Jesus was upon the earth how happy He made every house He went into, and when He brings us up to His house in heaven how great shall be our glee! His voice has more music in it than is to be heard in all the oratorios of eternity. Talk not about banks dashed with efflorescense. Jesus is the chief bloom of heaven. We shall see the very face that beamed sympathy in Bethany and take the very hand that dropped its blood from the short beam of the cross. Oh, I want to stand in eternity with Him. Toward that harbor I steer. Toward that goal I run. I shall be satisfied when I awake in His likeness.

Oh, broken hearted men and women, how sweet it will be in that good land to pour all of your hardships and bereavements and losses into the loving ear of Christ and then have Him explain why it was best for you to be sick, and why it was best for you to be widowed, and why it was best for you to be persecuted, and why it was best for you to be tried and have Him point to an elevation proportionate to your disquietude here, saying, "You suffered with Me on earth; come up now and be glorified with Me in heaven."

Some one went into a house where there had been a good deal of trouble and said to the woman there, "You seem to be lonely." "Yes," she said; "I am lonely." "How many in the family?" "Only myself." "Have you had any children?" "I had seven children." "Where are they?" "Gone." "All gone?" "All." "All dead?" "All." Then she breathed a long sigh into the loneliness and said, "Oh, sir, I have been a good mother to the grave."

And so there are hearts here that are utterly broken down by the bereavement of life. I point you to-day to the eternal balm of heaven. Oh, aged men and women who have knelt at the throne of grace for threescore years and ten will not your decrepitude change for the leap of a heart when you come to look face to face upon Him whom having not seen you love? Oh, that will be the Good Shepherd, not out in the night and watching to keep off the wolves, but with the lamb reclining on the sunlit hill. That will be the Captain of our salvation, not amid the roar and crash and boom of battle, but amid His disbanded troops keeping victorious festivity. That will be the Bridegroom of the church coming from afar, the bride leaning upon His arm while He looks down into her face and says: "Behold, thou art fair, my love! Behold, thou art fair!"

A MOHAWK INDIAN.

Dr. Oronhyatekha Stands First in Fraternal Societies in America.

Dr. Oronhyatekha, who holds the position of Supreme Chief Ranger of the Independent Order of Forestry, is a splendid specimen of the Indian race. He is a full-blooded Mohawk, and was born at the Six Nations Reservation, near Brantford, Ont., in 1841. He has a fine education, received at Toronto University and at Oxford, where he studied medicine. He abandoned his profession, however, in order to devote his time to his order—Forestry—and for this sacrifice has the distinction of standing first in fraternal societies in America. He is a Mason, having long since attained the highest degree in the order. He is also a Good Templar, holding the highest position in the organization. But, despite all the honors he has received from the white race, he has kept his connection with his tribe and people intact.

DR. ORONHYATEKHA

When Colors Are Mingled.

A blue dress or necktie intensifies the blue of the wearer's eyes, should they be of that color. A woman with remarkably red lips clad in dull heliotrope, with amethysts, has all the coral taken from her mouth, which wears instead a light heliotrope tint, and with this the pink of her cheek is also touched. An ordinary or even sallow cheek never looks so beautifully white as over a white dress, which seemed to threaten to darken it. And beautiful as the "æsthetic" colors were in their day, they quenched and dimmed their wearers to their own tone. This is not to be easily explained by known chromatic rules. Nor can one say why turquoise blue darkens dark eyes and adds to their brightness. The fact remains that it is so, and of this fact the wise will take advantage.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN, ETC.			
FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat.	$	@ $	3 85
High Grade Extra			3 15
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	55½		56
CORN—No. 2 White	57¼		58
OATS—Southern & Penn.	36		36½
RYE—No. 2	48		49
HAY—Choice Timothy	14 50		15 00
Good to Prime	13 50		14 00
STRAW—Rye in car lds.	9 00		9 50
Wheat Blocks	5 00		6 00
Oat Blocks	6 50		7 00
CANNED GOODS.			
TOMATOES—Stnd. No. 3	$	@ $	85
No. 2			65
PEAS—Standards	1 60		2 00
Seconds			80
CORN—Dry Pack			85
Moist			75
HIDES.			
CITY STEERS	$ 5	@	6
City Cows	4		4½
Southern No. 2			4
POTATOES & VEGETABLES.			
POTATOES—Burbanks	$ 40	@ $	55
ONIONS	65		80
PROVISIONS.			
HOGS PRODUCTS—shlds.	$ 8¼	@ $	9¼
Clear ribsides			9¾
Hams	13¾		14¼
Mess Pork, per bar			16 00
LARD—Crude			7
Best refined			8¾
BUTTER.			
BUTTER—Fine Crmy	$ 23	@ $	24
Under fine	21		23
Roll	19		20
CHEESE.			
CHEESE—N. Y. Fancy	$ 11	@ $	11¼
N. Y. flats	1 ¼		11¾
Skim Cheese	6		8
EGGS.			
EGGS—State	$ 15	@ $	15¾
North Carolina	12		13
LIVE POULTRY.			
CHICKENS—Hens	$ 11	@ $	12
Ducks, per lb	9		10
TOBACCO.			
TOBACCO—Md. Infer's.	$ 1 50	@ $	2 50
Sound common	3 00		4 00
Middling	6 00		7 00
Fancy	10 00		12 00
LIVE STOCK.			
BEEF—Best Beeves	$ 4 30	@ $	4 50
Good to Fair	3 87		4 25
SHEEP	1 00		2 50
Hogs	5 25		6 10
FURS AND SKINS.			
MUSKRAT	$ 10	@ $	11
Raccoon	40		45
Red Fox	—		1 00
Skunk Black	—		80
Opossum	22		23
Mink	—		80
Otter	—		6 00
NEW YORK.			
FLOUR—Southern	$ 3 10	@ $	4 20
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	57¾		58¾
RYE—Western	48		50
CORN—No. 2	62¾		63½
OATS—No. 3	33		33¾
BUTTER—State	20		24
EGGS—State	16		17
CHEESE—State	7		9
PHILADELPHIA.			
FLOUR—Southern	$ 3 60	@ $	4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	55½		56¼
CORN—No. 3	62		63
OATS—N. 2	34¾		35¾
BUTTER—State	23		26
EGGS—Penns. ft	17		17½

And so there are hearts here that are utterly broken down by the bereavement of life. I point you to-day to the eternal balm of heaven. Oh, aged men and women who have knelt at the throne of grace for threescore years and ten will not your decrepitude change for the leap of a heart when you come to look face to face upon Him whom having not seen you love? Oh, that will be the Good Shepherd, not out in the night and watching to keep off the wolves, but with the lamb reclining on the sunlit hill. That will be the Captain of our salvation, not amid the roar and crash and boom of battle, but amid His disbanded troops keeping victorious festivity. That will be the Bridegroom of the church coming from afar, the bride leaning upon His arm while He looks down into her face and says: "Behold, thou art fair, my love! Behold, thou art fair!"

Take no Substitute for Royal Baking Powder. It is Absolutely Pure.

All others contain alum or ammonia.

EARLY CIRCULATING LIBRARIES.

The Popular Institution Has Been in Existence for Hundreds of Years.

From time immemorial, says All the Year Round, bookseller's shops have been the favorite resort of all touched with the love of letters, and in the days gone by, when the art of advertising was practically unknown, it was only by frequenting the shops where sold that possible purchasers were able to learn what was going on in the publishing world, to know what new books were in course of publication and to hear and exchange the latest literary gossip. These early book lovers, one may be quite sure, would be certain to while away many a leisure hour by "sampling" the wares on their hosts' counters, and would read, or at least dip into, many volumes besides those they actually purchased for more leisurely consumption at home. And hence might arise, very naturally, the custom of formally lending out books to read for a monetary consideration. Thus, at the end of Kirkman's "Thracian Wonder," published in 1661, the bookseller makes the following announcement: "If any gentleman please to repair to my house aforesaid they may be furnished with all manner of English or French histories, romances or poetry, which are to be sold or read for reasonable consideration." It is not quite clear from the last few words whether the books might be taken away to be read, or whether the reading was to be done in the bookseller's shop. But that books might be taken home is evident from the remark of a character in Neville's "Poor Scholar," printed in 1662. "Step to a bookseller's," he says, "and give him this angel, which I'll send you, for the use of the many-languaged bibles lately publish't for a week. Their price is twelve pound. When you have got them to your study, invite your father to your chamber, show him your library, and tell him you are twelve pounds out of purse for those large volumes." This was an ingenious way of getting around the "relieving officer," but it is doubtful, after all, whether the lending system was put into practice to any great extent.

Progressive Minnesota.

Minnesota is not a very old State, but she has already more than $5,000,000 invested in public buildings, and $10,000,000 in her school fund, with 1,000,000 acres of university land yet unsold.

SOME men would never marry if they could not marry a grass widow.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

Boston the Highest and Lowest.

"Boston, the highest city in culture, the lowest in morality," was the striking sentence uttered by Rev. Isaac J. Lansing, at Park Street Congregational Church, in that city, Sunday.

"It is in this connection I am led to speak of a 'moral revival.' If for seven days we could have such a revival in this city, a moral revolution would take place. The apathy existing toward forms of vice which are rampant would give way to energy, and this soul-destroying vice be suppressed.

"There is a gruesome flood of this immorality sweeping with almost unrestrainable force throughout our midst. Divorces are multiplying with untold rapidity, and numbers are living lives to which death is far preferable. I have held in my hand within the past week a list of eighty places, principally on three streets, where vice exists. The proprietors of these places of infamy have no hesitancy in making the location of these dens public."

CURES OTHERS

BAD COUGH, SPIT UP BLOOD,—CONSUMPTION.

MR. K. C. MCLIN.

K. C. McLIN, ESQ., of *Kempsville, Princess Anne Co., Va.*, writes: "When I commenced taking your 'Discovery' I was very low with a cough, and at times spit up much blood. I was not able to do the least work, but most of the time was in bed. I was all run-down, very weak, my head was dizzy, and I was extremely despondent. The first bottle I took did not seem to do me much good, but I had faith in it and continued using it until I had taken fifteen bottles, and now I do not look nor feel like the same man I was one year ago. People are astonished, and say, 'well, last year this time I would not have thought that you would be living now.' I can thankfully say I am entirely cured of a disease which, but for your wonderful 'Discovery,' would have resulted in my death."

WHY NOT YOU?

A HANDSOME PICTURE FREE

WE WILL MAIL POSTPAID a fine Panel Picture, entitled "MEDITATION" in exchange for 15 Large Lion Heads, cut from Lion Coffee wrappers, and 2-cent stamp to pay postage. Write for list of our other fine premiums, including books, a knife, game, etc.

WOOLSON SPICE CO., 450 Huron St., TOLEDO, OHIO.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF. $4. $3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO. $3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES. $2.50 $2. WORKINGMENS EXTRA FINE. $2. $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES. LADIES $3. $2.50 $2. $1.75 BEST DONGOLA. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas $3.00 Shoe.

Because, we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

LINENE REVERSIBLE

Raphael, Angelo, Rubens, Tasso

The "LINENE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn; they are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind. *Try it well, wear well and look well.* A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five Cents.

A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name style and size. Address

REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY,
77 Franklin St., New York. 27 Kilby St., Boston.

$1000 in money; besides other valuable premiums to good guessers. Base-ball Rooters, catch on. See offer in HOME AND COUNTRY MAGAZINE. Price, 25 cents. Sample Magazine can be seen and full particulars obtained at this office. All Newsdealers, or 53 East 10th Street New York City.

DROPSY Treated free. Positively CURED with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousand cases pronounced hopeless. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. BOOK of testimonials of miraculous cures sent FREE. TEN DAYS TREATMENT FURNISHED FREE by mail. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Specialists, Atlanta, Ga.

1000 Stickers, your name and address, only 10c. THE HERALD, No. 1434, Lumber St., Phila., Pa.

B N U 57

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION. 25 CTS.

An old-fashioned way

of getting there. Slow and safe, but hard work. Most women, have got beyond this kind of traveling—found something better.

Now, why can't you look at that other old-fashioned proceeding in the same light—washing things with soap and hard rubbing. That's slow enough and tiresome enough, everybody knows, and it's not as safe as washing with Pearline. It's really destructive, in fact, the wear of that constant rubbing. Break away from these antiquated ideas. Use modern methods. Pearline saves at every point.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—*send it back.* 287 JAMES PYLE, New York.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS. SEP. 13.

THE RACKET

No. 9 Crider's Exchange, Bellefonte.

Leader in Dry Goods.
Leader in Notions.
Leader in Novelties.
Leader in Shoes.
Leader in Everything.

:——:

Our Specialties.....

Botany Dress Goods Department.
Vantine Department.
Oak Cemical Department.
Butterick Pattern and Publication Department.
"New Idea" Pattern Department.
Housekeeper's Department.
Whiting Stationary Department.
Hall's Legal Blank Department.
Rogers' Silverware Department.

:——:

They say, "The Racket" is up to date. What do U say?

:——:

G. R. SPIGELMYER,
SHEM SPIGELMYER, Jr.
Bellefonte, Pa.

Special.

It is seldom that the trade that seeks Bellefonte markets has the abvantage of such a mark down sale as Lyon & Co. are advertising in another column on this page. It will pay you to look it up.

PERSONAL.

——Mrs. Dr. McGeehon departed last week on a visit to friends at Pittsburg.

——Dr. Kohler and Harry Camp, of Milroy, were in town a day or so this week.

——Commissioner George L. Goodhart was circulating about town Wednesday.

——Squire M. L. Rishell, of Farmers Mills, transacted business in town on Monday.

——Ex-Commissioner John Wolf and family, of Miles township, attended the Heckman-Kreamer wedding yesterday.

——Mrs. R. B. Spangler arrived last week from Hastings, Pa., on a visit to her father-in-law, John Spangler, on Church street.

——Insurance agent Wm. Grauer, of Bellefonte, has been booming his business in Centre Hall several days of this week.

——Miss Helen Bartholamew, who has been spending her vacation with her parents, returned last week to Millersville State Normal.

——Mr. M. B. Duck, of Spring Mills, favored the REPORTER with a call a few days ago, and reports everything in good shape in his vicinity.

——Jer. P. Heckman and J. D. Gentzel, of Georges valley attended the annual meeting of the Lutheran charge the other day, and gave the REPORTER a call.

——Will Stiver, of Potters Mills, and Capt. G. M. Boal, of near this place, were among those who went to Pittsburg to attend the G. A. R. Encampment.

——Mr. John S. Auman, the manufacturer of the excellent flour at the Linden Hall roller mills, made a business trip to Centre Hall on Tuesday, and favored the office with a call.

——Sumner Hosterman left yesterday morning for Franklin and Marshall college, at Lancaster, where he enters the Freshman class to take a full collegiate course.

——Mr. and Mrs. I. S. Lindley, of Winnebago, Ill., arrived last week on a visit to her brother, B. D. Brisbin, and other friends in the east. They will remain until after the picnic before returning.

——Lowell Meyer came home last week from Williamsport, where he underwent treatment in the hospital for a peculiarly affected left wrist. The treatment did him much good and he expects to soon recover the use of his arm.

——James Coldren arrived home on Saturday last. He uses crutches, of course, but expects soon to have a cork leg in place of the crutches. His leg was amputated, as we noted at the time, as the result of a fracture at Hastings, about a year ago.

HYMENEAL

A LARGELY ATTENDED AND HAPPY WEDDING.

Mr. Samuel Heckman, of Lock Haven, and Miss Jennie Kreamer United in Marriage.

In response to invitations issued the residence of Mr. H. W. Kreamer was filled with happy guests yesterday at which time a most delightful event transpired. It was the giving away of his daughter, Jennie M., to Mr. Samuel Heckman, of Lock Haven.

At 12 o'clock, noon, to the strains of music beautifully rendered by Miss Mame Kreamer, of Boalsburg, cousin of the bride, Mr. Allen Groover, of Lock Haven and Miss Tacy Kreamer, sister of the bride, entered the room and were immediately followed by the bride and groom who took their places and the ceremony was performed by Rev. S. H. Eisenberg, of the Reformed church. The bride was attired in a traveling suit of green, and carried a bouquet of white roses. The room was handsomely decorated with fern and golden rod.

Immediately after the ceremony the guests, numbering about sixty, were seated around tables scattered through the rooms and bountifully served with the most tempting viands, of which all heartily partook.

The bride was the recipient of many costly and handsome presents which gave evidence of the high esteem in which she was held by her many friends.

The happy couple took the three o'clock train for Niagara, where they will remain about a week, after which they will return to Lock Haven, their future home.

The bride is one of Centre Hall's most charming and highly esteemed young ladies and will be greatly missed by her large circle of friends. The groom is one of Lock Haven's most intelligent and industrious young men and holds a responsible position in the firm of VanDyke, Quigley & Kauffman.

Among the guests from a distance were Mr and Mrs. VanDyke, Mr. and Mrs. Kauffman, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Heckman, father and mother of the groom, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Heckman and Mr. and Mrs. John Heckman, and Mr. and Mrs. Bartges, all of Lock Haven, and Mrs. Carrie Barr, of Lewisburg.

The bride and groom have the best wishes of their many friends for their future happiness and prosperity.

Waste of Water.

Last week the quantity of water used in this place, would average five barrels per day for each family. Now as the actual need of each family would not be one barrel per day, on an average, it goes to show that there are four barrels of it wasted to one that is needed. This useless waste is caused somewhere by persons who should be more careful to prevent waste. That water at times is scarce here, is oftener owing to persons being careless about their hydrants than to a low stage of the water supply.

Quick Building.

Calvin G. Bottorf, foreman, got up a small barn for Colyer, at the railroad station in quick order. The frame for the barn was brought on the ground on Monday, 3d, and Monday of this week the barn was completed inside and out, and roofed; size of building, 18x50. Mr. Bottorf certainly made a quick and good job of it. Assisting him were Wm. Ishler and Howard Homan and son George.

Philipsburg's Centennial.

It is a hundred years this fall since Philipsburg was settled, and the Reliance Fire company of that place have taken the matter in hand and will celebrate the centennial anniversary in grand style. Preparations are being made for a grand celebration. The date is not yet fixed, but it will be about September 15.

Dropped Dead.

Philip Gramley, a well known resident of East Sugar Valley, Clinton county, fell over dead while in his yard last week. Apoplexy was the cause of death. He was over 65 years old and leaves a wife and three grown daughters.

Counterfeit Dollars.

Some cute fellows attended the New Castle fair last week purchasing many little trinkets in order to spend their money. The people there now find that there is at least several hundred counterfeit dollars circulating among them.

Got $500 Damages.

In a case tried in court last week, a citizen of Bellefonte, James Solt, was awarded $500 damages for injuries caused by a defective board walk. Centre Hall and other towns take notice.

New Goods.

I have received a nice lot of Fall Hats, Childrens' Caps, Childrens' Coats, etc. Come and see them; lowest prices. MRS. C. B. BOOB.

THOMAS WILSON.

Died Suddenly, of Bright's Disease, on Tuesday at Noon.

Thomas Wilson, a soldier of the late war, died suddenly on Tuesday noon, at his home west of Centre Hall. After the war he entered the regular army, and leaving that he worked on Mr. Rhone's farm. He was a quiet and well behaved citizen, against whom not a word of complaint could be brought. He was of industrious habits and upright, and lived a christian life. Bright's disease was the cause of his death. At the veteran reunion, at Hunter's Park a few days ago, he was present with his comrades, apparently in his usual health. His age was about sixty years. He leaves a wife and a son to mourn his demise.

Making Things Straight.

The present borough council seems to be straightening out some of the blunders of earlier councils, which obstinately refused to do what duty required, foolishly thinking they would bring harm to the water company, the best institution in this town. They would not establish a street line, and ordered folks to put down walks without warrent of law, and built crossings to correspond. Now citizens are expected to change walks at useless expense, and the town is to foot bills for moving and changing crossings put down only three or four years ago. That's the wisdom of some of the statesmen in former councils; and the people pay for a double set of work. Attention was called to the blunders at the time, but obstinacy and spite ruled a few of our statesmen.

Yard fences have been built, walks built and trees planted—now all is to be done over again on a different line, all as a result of malignancy of three or four persons who have been off and on the council heretofore, and thus wasted at least a thousand dollars of the money of our people, because for sheer spite these officials would not do what was right.

A Merited Custom.

It is seldom that one will find a larger stock than that in Fauble's clothing house, Bellefonte. The firm have enjoyed greatly increased patronage each year as evidence of their fair dealing with customers, and their success is well merited. Their method of doing business is fair and a dissatisfied customer never leaves the store, hence the prestige they possess. The stock they show is large and there is much from which to select. It is an unbroken custom with the firm to refund the money where satisfaction is not given and they are bound to please.

Would Kick Anyhow.

An exchange shoots the following at the kickers: "If there was an ice cold lemonade spring on every farm and every village garden, if bread grew on sunflower stalks and every blade of grass was tipped with a $10 gold coin, a certain class of cranks would kick because there were no sticks in the lemonade, no butter and preserves on the bread, and because the grass did not produce $25 instead of $10 coins on the blades."

Services by Rev. Rearick.

Rev. Rearick will preach in the congregations named as follows: At Union church, Oct. 7th, at 10 a. m. Georges Valley, afternoon, same date, at 2 p. m. Spring Mills, same day, evening at 7 p. m.

Rev. Rearick will enter upon his duties in the Centre Hall charge, October 1st, and his family will move from Rebersburg to this place about the second week of October.

Another Bank Officer Gets It.

John M. Bowman, the aged and white-haired president of the wrecked Muncy bank, was tried and convicted on Monday, at Williamsport, of making fraudulent reports and statements to the comptroller of the currency. The case did not occupy over six hours for trial, and the jury rendered a verdict of guilty in twenty-one minutes after retiring.

Nominated for Congress.

Dr. D. G. Smith, of Freeburg, nominated for congrees in the Union, Snyder, Huntingdon and Mifflin district, by the Democrats, is a son-in-law of farmer Wm. Heckman of this place, and a native of Penn Hall, and is as firm a Democrat as Mr. Heckman himself. Dr. Smith is a young man, but he stands well with the people.

Misinformed.

Prof. W. T. Meyer informs us that the profits of the Hecla Band Tournament were $485, and not $1000 as we were erroneously informed. Pretty good, too, which goes to the Bellefonte band's benefit.

Eclipses.

A partial eclipse of the moon will take place September 14, tomorrow, beginning at 9h. 36m.

A total eclipse of the sun, invisible in America, will take place on Sept. 28.

—A light summer suit from Lewins, Bellefonte, will do much keeping cool this hot weather.

WILLIAM REEDER'S THROAT CUT.

Was Killed by A. Winchester While Attempting to Act as Peacemaker.

Wednesday afternoon Lock Haven was thrown into a state of excitement over a sensational murder and the affair was the chief topic of conversation in that place.

About 5.30 o'clock a young man named A. Winchester, of Wayne Station, and Joseph Moore, of Lock Haven, became involved in a quarrel, while in the Opera House pool room. William Reeder, who was present, stepped in between the two, intending to act in the capacity of peacemaker. This interference as Winchester considered it so incensed the latter that he whipped out a dagger and cut Reeder's throat.

Reeder dropped to the floor, his death being almost instantaneous. Winchester turned on Moore and stabbed him in the back, side and arms; Moore fell unconscious to the floor. Intense excitement was created, as the scene of the murder is in the most prominent business section of that city, and in a few moments a large crowd gathered. Chief of Police Keller arrested Winchester and he was at once lodged in jail.

The body of Reeder was taken to his home. He was about thirty years of age and leaves a wife, but no children. He was a lineman and was in the employ of the electric light company in Lock Haven. Those who knew him say he was whole souled and honorable and his many friends regret his violent death.

Joseph Moore was removed to his home. He is the son of Councilman E. L. Moore, who conducts a large grocery and provision house on Bellefonte avenue.

It is understood that the trouble was brought about by Winchester accusing Moore of borrowing five dollars from him and refusing to pay the money back. The parties had been drinking together.

Winchester purchased the dagger, with which he did his bloody work, from Harder's sporting goods house, Lock Haven. When he was questioned, after the murder, as to why he had purchased the weapon, he said that he intended to protect himself from being robbed.

At 12.25 o'clock Thursday Joseph Lutz and Joseph Kellenbaugh, arrived home after having spent Wednesday in Lock Haven. They were among the first to arrive in the pool room after the murder had taken place. Reeder lay on the floor in a large pool of blood, with his head cut, face cut, throat cut, and stabbed and a deep wound in the chest. He did not die until five minutes after having been stabbed. Moore was also badly cut up, the wound in his side being a particularly ugly one. From what they could learn Moore is in a very critical condition.

Winchester escaped from the place and ran, but was later on captured, and placed in jail. About ten o'clock that night he became greatly sobered and asked what he was in for. He was told that he had been fighting and then he wanted to pay his fine. When informed that he had killed a man he completely collapsed.

Rain at Last.

Showers set in early on last Saturday morning, and there were six or seven during the day, one in the morning and one in the afternoon being quite brisk. Farmers had done very little seeding, the ground having been too dry for it, but Saturday's showers brought the needed moisture. Sunday afternoon we had another good thunder shower. Streams have been raised, cisterns filled, and springs helped some. Saturday forenoon there was a heavy fall of hail in the south precinct of Potter, some as large as hickory nuts, as we are informed by Dr. Emerick.

Fast Work.

This week George S. Clements started to dig a well on Hiram Durst's farm, east of town and did some rather fast work with his machine. The drill went down 40 feet when it struck water which rose in the well 27½ feet, standing. In two days, from the time he started, Mr. Clements had the pump in and the job finished, which, with the splendid strike, did much toward pleasing Hiram.

Supervisors Take Notice.

Road Supervisors Patrick Sharkey and Daniel O'Connor, of Hazle township, are under arrest for embezzlement, because they charged, it is alleged, 50 cents a day more than the law provides as their salaries. Their wages are fixed at $1.50 a day.

Death.

On Thursday, August 30th, Mrs. Sarah Gray, relict of the late Samuel Gray, died at her home near Gray's church, in the 87th year of her age.

Purchased the Hardware Store.

F. O. Hosterman and S. E. Stover have purchased J. C. Smith's hardware store at Millheim. Success to our friends of the new firm.

—The latest summer style of cloth ing at greatly reduced prices at Lewins, Bellefonte. Must make room for new goods, and price no object.

GRANGERS PICNIC.

At Centre Hall, September 17th to 22nd, 1894.

On account of the 21st Annual Picnic and Exhibition of the Patrons of Husbandry at Grange Park, Centre Hall, September 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 1894, the Pennsylvania R. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets to Centre Hall Sept. 17, 18, 19, 20, 21 and 22 valid for return passage until Sept. 25 inclusive, at reduced rates. Special trains will be run between Sunbury and Centre Hall and Bellefonte and Centre Hall for the accommodation of visitors.

True Business Enterprise.

We copy the following from the Grange Park Edition of the *Farmers' Friend*: "Messrs. Wolf & Crawford, Centre Hall, are just now striking a rich business lead in the elegant display they are preparing for the Picnic and Exhibition at Grange Park, September 17th to 22d. Those who noted their rich and varied assortment of articles last season will be more than surprised this year. They contemplate adding to their large and varied assortment of groceries and merchandise usually kept in store, a variety of novelties, suitable souvenirs, as well as useful and beautiful in the home. They further propose to have their delivery wagon compass all parts of the camp to secure orders and insure prompt delivery of goods required in camp. Business energy is always to be commended, but this time this firm proposes to go beyond the ordinary, and not only command success, but deserve it. Let everybody give them a call, and their splendid display and low prices will surprise you.

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses have been granted the past week:

Henry C. Shultz, of Liberty borough, Tioga county, and Maggie Winslow, of Liberty township, Centre co.

Herbert H. Askman, of Three Springs, Huntingdon co., and Ellen W. Tressler, of Philipsburg.

Samuel H. Heckman, of Lock Haven, and Jennie M. Kreamer, of Centre Hall.

Lock Haven Market.

The assortment of apples was unusually fine and sold at 40 cents a bushel. Butter commanded 20 and 22 cents a pound; eggs 15 cents a dozen; chickens 50 to 60 cents a pair; dressed ones 35 cents each; peaches 30 to 50 cents a peck; potatoes 60 cents a bushel; tomatoes 20 cents a peck; beans 20 cents a peck; grapes 4 and 5 cents a pound; corn 8 cents a dozen; lima beans 15 cents a quart.

Broke His Arm.

On Tuesday of last week Jacob Klinger, of Oak Hall, fell off a load of coal he was hauling and sustained a broken arm and serious, though it is hoped not fatal, internal injuries. Mr. Klinger is aged about 50 years.

—C. P. Long will have Bananas and Melons for sale at picnic at wholesale.

—Be sure and visit C. P. Long's store, near auditorium building at Grange picnic.

Bits, Dots and Squibs.

The grange ladies will have an ice cream festival on their fair ground Saturday evening.

Thanks to our neighbor, Mrs. Isaac Smith for several "shipments" of nice fruit, and to Miss Laura Runkle for a basket of delicious sweet corn.

Street commissioner Will Neff has finished his street job on Church st.

Julian Fleming is the most obstinate high tariff rocker in ten states.

Many of our friends will have a picnic next week in this place. We would like to have a picnic at the same time, taking in subscriptions on the REPORTER—will you aid us to have this enjoyment?

Another Pull Necessary.

The turnpike through town, it is observed by all, is fast wearing out, and its only a year since near $400 was spent on it.

—Lewins, Bellefonte, has the most experienced cutter in these parts and at his establishment you can be suited in a manner befitting a prince, and at a reasonable price.

GRAIN MARKET.

Wheat	52
Rye	50
Corn	45
Oats new	25
Barley	45
Buckwheat	

PRODUCE AT STORES.

Butter	20
Eggs	12
Lard	10
Shoulders	12
Ham	14
Tallow	4
Potatoes	35
Sides	8

Did We Hit the Mark?

A Few Minutes will Tell

An investiagtion will convince you that we have hit the mark for your interest. - - -

.....Rare Specials

These goods are phenomenal at the prices.

8c Batiste, now 6c.
5c Challi, now 4½c.
10c Hose for Ladies, not a goood black, 5c.
12½c Duck, now 10c.
12½c Saconetts, now 10c,
12½c Irish Lawn, 10c.
3c Pins, 1c.
7c Dark Prints, 5c.
Fine White Cambric, 10c.
Excellent Brown Muslin, 6c.
10c Gingham, now 7c.
12½c Dimity, 10c.
500 yards Cotton, 5c.
25c Corsets, 15c.

Not a piece of trash in the lot, but at lower prices than ever before at

Garman's Store.
Bellefonte, - - - Pa.

o——o

"Man wants but little here below,
But woman wants a heap;
Her life is full of little wants,
If they are only cheap.

LOW TARIFF PRICES.....

In view of the fact that the Wilson Bill is likely to pass shortly we will close out our

Entire Stock of Clothing at Cost.

$10	Suits	-	now at $6.00	Black Cheviot Suits, that were			
8	"	-	" 5.00				
7	"	-	" 4.50	$12	-	-	now $8.50
6	"	-	" 4.25	10	-	-	" 7.50
5	"	-	" 3.50	8	-	-	" 6.50
4	"	-	" 3.35	7	-	-	" 5.00

BOYS' SUITS=== ..AWAY... :-BELOW PAR.:-

$10	Boys' Suits		now at $6.00	$4	Boys' Suits,		now at $3.25
8	"	-	" 5.00	3	"	-	" 2.25
7	"	-	" 4.50	2	"	-	" 1.50
6	"	-	" 4.25	1.50	"	-	" 1.25
5	"	-	" 3.50	1.25	"	-	" 1.00

All Shoes, Oxfords, &c., at Cost.

We have just opened a big line of Bought at Low Tariff prices. Fur Hats as low as 50c., last year, $1.25. Stiff Hats, from 90c. up to $2.00. Last year, from $1.50 to $3.00. **FALL HATS!**

LYON & CO.,

BELLEFONTE, - - - PENNA.